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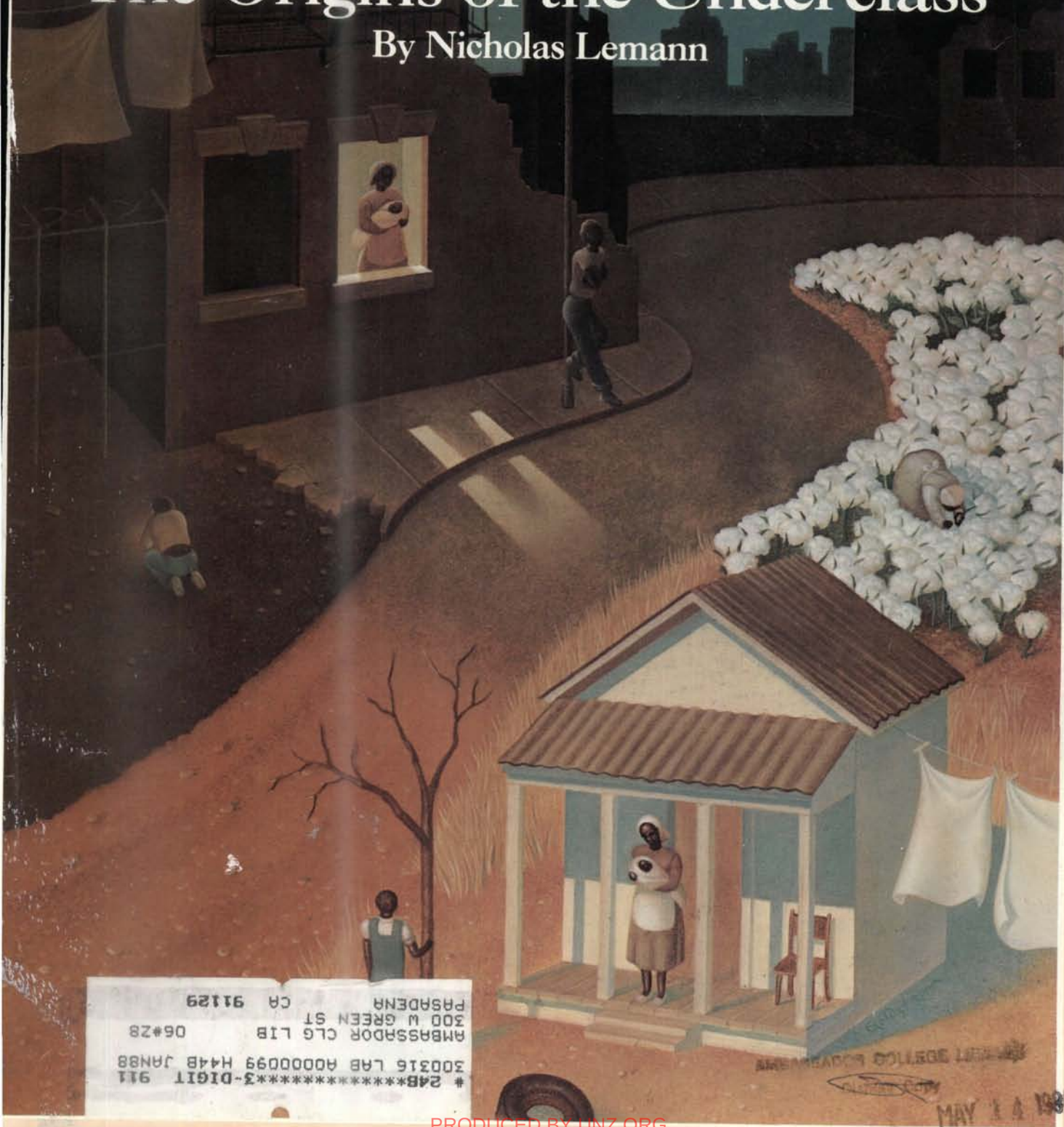
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The Atlantic

HUMOR BY ROY BLOUNT, JR. / CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN ON TERRORISM

The Origins of the Underclass

By Nicholas Lemann



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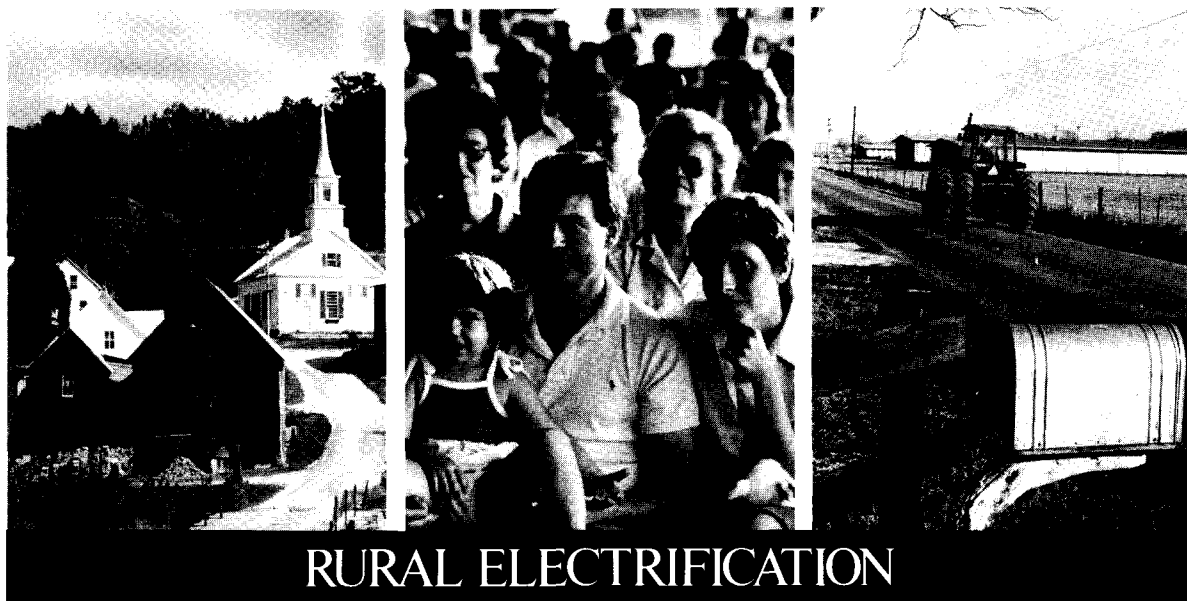
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ARTICLES

- 31 THE ORIGINS OF THE UNDERCLASS** **NICHOLAS LEMANN**
The urban black underclass can be traced to the share-cropper South of a generation ago. The propagation of underclass culture has been hastened by an exodus of working-class blacks from the ghettos. This is the first part of a two-part report from Chicago and Mississippi.
- 62 THINKING ABOUT TERRORISM** **CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN**
Both hawkish and dovish stereotypes of terrorist activity amount to wishful thinking. Misperceptions of the threat have hampered the search for countermeasures.

REPORTS & COMMENT

- 15 NOTES:**
THE COUNTRY'S CHANGING MEASURE **JACK BEATTY**
A CLASH OF GOOD INTENTIONS **WILLIAM RATHJE**
- 18 CRIME:**
THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE **NEIL SPITZER**
- 22 BUREAUCRACY:**
A MINISTERIAL PORTFOLIO **PAULA ROBERTS**

HUMOR AND FICTION

- 26 THE LIQUEFACTION OF YOUR HOME** **ROY BLOUNT, JR.**
- 56 THE OTHER MILLER** **TOBIAS WOLFF**
- 67 THE FILLING OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA** **GUY BILLOUT**

POETRY

- 38 WATERBIRD** **MAY SWENSON**

- 60 WIFFLE BALL** **RONALD WALLACE**

- 64 ACID** **MARY OLIVER**

BOOKS

- 77 A HERO OF ISLAM** **DAVID IGNATIUS**
The Vanished Imam by Fouad Ajami
- 78 THE TWO CARTERS** **RONALD STEEL**
Morality, Reason, and Power by Gaddis Smith
- 80 LIFE FRIGHT** **DICK CAVETT**
Stage Fright by Stephen Aaron
- 82 BRIEF REVIEWS** **PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS**

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

- 4 CONTRIBUTORS**
- 7 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**
- 68 MUSIC:**
DIRECTLY FROM BEETHOVEN **LLOYD SCHWARTZ**
- 70 TRAVEL:**
LUGGAGE THROUGH THE AGES **CULLEN MURPHY**
- 72 DESIGN:**
HIGH-TECH WINDOWS **PHILIP LANGDON**
- 75 COMPUTERS:**
ALL QUIET ON THE CORPUS CALLOSUM **JAMES FALLOWS**
- 85 ACROSTIC No. 11** **DOROTHY OSBORNE**
- 88 THE PUZZLER** **EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON**

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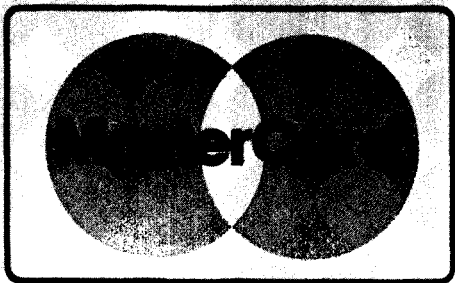
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MORE ON STAR WARS

I am writing to correct Tina Rosenberg's curious and creative history in her article "The Authorized Version" (February *Atlantic*). Reportedly, Voltaire described history as "a trick the living play on the dead." Ms. Rosenberg has gone beyond this observation to include tricks played on the living. Citing two anonymous sources, Ms. Rosenberg states that the interagency Strategic Defense Initiative policy study I led in 1983 (her so-called "Miller report") was suppressed because it was highly critical of the SDI. This is simply wrong on all counts.

The conclusion of the interagency report, which was a wide-ranging effort and exercise, can be summarized as follows: Effective defenses against ballistic missiles would reduce significantly the utility of strategic and theater nuclear forces and raise the threshold of nuclear conflict. This would enhance both deterrence and strategic stability.

Far from being repudiated, the study's results were approved by a senior interagency group and were incorporated into—and formed the policy basis of—the SDI assessment forwarded to the President in response to NSSD 6-83. Those conclusions were adopted as the U.S. position on SDI policy. Subsequent to that I led an interagency team that, among other things, briefed our NATO allies on the results of the policy study. I also briefed NATO defense ministers on those results in March, 1984. I continued to have policy responsibility for the SDI within the Department of Defense until March, 1985, when the sheer volume of work associated with the SDI required that a new and separate office be created to deal exclusively with that subject. It is hardly likely that I would have done all of the above were the results of the study team I led rejected, as Ms. Rosenberg's article suggests.

Nor was the interagency study's report hidden from the public. Apart from forming the basis for major speeches and testimony by senior Administration officials, the results were summarized briefly in a pamphlet ("Defense Against Ballistic Missiles: An Assessment of Technological and Policy Implications") published by the Department of De-

fense in April, 1984. Additionally, my March 22, 1984, testimony on the study and its conclusions before Senator Warner's Subcommittee on Strategic and Theater Nuclear Forces was published by the Senate Armed Services Committee later in 1984. Even a quick comparison of that testimony and current policy will reveal a strong parallelism between the two.

Finally, if further evidence is needed, I would be happy to furnish copies of two related documents from Secretary Weinberger which make the point that the work of the interagency study became the policy and strategy foundation of the SDI program.

FRANKLIN C. MILLER
*Director, Strategic Forces Policy
Department of Defense
Washington, D.C.*

Tina Rosenberg replies:

The documents Mr. Miller cites do not alter my contention that his report was suppressed. In contrast to the Fletcher and Hoffman studies, the Miller report was not published in an unclassified version. The Senate hearing Mr. Miller cites was classified; the published version omits much of Mr. Miller's important testimony. The Pentagon pamphlet, while mentioning once the existence of the Miller panel, did not describe the panel's findings. Although all the scientists and strategists that I interviewed, in the government and out, were familiar with the Fletcher and Hoffman reports, few were aware of the existence of the Miller panel.

Mr. Miller is correct when he says that his report's conclusion supported the Strategic Defense Initiative. So did the conclusions of the Fletcher and Hoffman reports. The point of my article was that these conclusions were forged for political reasons and did not reflect serious problems raised in the reports.

SOUTH AFRICA

Having spent several months in southern Africa, and having warily enjoyed the hospitality that white South Africans accord international visitors, especially opinion-makers, I was fascinated by Conor Cruise O'Brien's "What Can

Become of South Africa?" (March *Atlantic*). I hope that in a sequel Mr. O'Brien will analyze the role of Nelson Mandela, the African National Congress (ANC), and other organized forces of resistance. Without consideration of these key players, our view of the South African prospect is truncated.

Mr. O'Brien lingers too one-sidedly on the harshness of township reprisal. His parting shot—children burning people alive in the street—is meant to conjure up the killing fields of Pol Pot. Mr. O'Brien's stress on "children" is overheated. Most of the killers may be no younger than were our "boys" and their officers in Vietnam; indeed, they may be older than those who, high in their Casspirs, shoot the stone-throwers of Soweto for sport.

One wishes that Mr. O'Brien had acknowledged the decades in which blacks peacefully, yet futilely, resisted apartheid. Having exhausted every non-violent approach, and lacking arms, how else but by drastic action can a people withstand a military occupation of its towns? Remember: occupation, and the indirect rule that preceded it, have depended on a horde of black policemen and politicians.

For perspective, consider insurgent Kenya. During the fifties, news documentaries featured bloody corpses presumably hacked apart by Mau Mau "terrorists." The message: See white Christian civilization threatened by black barbarism. In fact during the revolt fewer than fifty whites were killed. (Far more blacks were killed by each side.) With independence Jomo Kenyatta—who, Mandela-like, was detained through much of the struggle—came to power. Under Kenyatta and his successor, political violence and incarceration have been minimal and whites have thrived.

Mr. O'Brien fears the rise of a Stalin in South Africa. But the task there is not to forestall Stalinism but to dismantle it. Brutal, paranoid Pretoria, presiding over a rapidly industrialized nation built by forced labor, is our closest analogue to Stalinism. South Africa's homelands, jails, mines, and townships are its gulag.

ED KINANE
Syracuse, N.Y.

Thanks for Conor Cruise O'Brien's article on South Africa, which is the first plausible yet optimistic (in the sense that any solution exists at all) writing I have seen on that subject. I hope it

does not diminish the general impact of that article if I wonder aloud where "the children" learned about the political uses of gasoline. Are they aware of the high-tech methods in use since 1945, whereby the same commodity is unloaded from aircraft under circumstances prohibiting the singling out of a particular individual from the general population? As a start on the road to modern refinements, and strictly from the materials-handling viewpoint, they should first mix it with sodium palmitate (whence the name napalm).

PAUL E. ROSENTHAL
San Francisco, Calif.

Conor Cruise O'Brien may be in error when he writes that the first official use of the term "concentration camp" occurred during the last phase of the Boer War. On February 16, 1896, Governor General Weyler issued the first "re-concentrado" orders in Cuba. The end products of these orders were known as concentration camps throughout the English-speaking world.

ROBERT POTTER
Crystal Lake, Ill.

COPING WITH COCAINE

James Lieber's interviews with me for "Coping With Cocaine" (January *Atlantic*) reflected an impressive amount of research for a magazine article. Yet his narrow conceptual framework cannot accommodate his data in any meaningful way, and he commits the same fundamental errors as the government. Indeed, his basic premise is identical to that supporting the war on drugs: Cocaine is toxic. Cocaine is addictive. Therefore we must vigorously suppress it.

The conceptual error lies in focusing on matters of biology (neurotransmitters, dopamine deficiency) to the exclusion of the critical qualities that distinguish human beings from caged laboratory animals with catheters stuck in their veins to deliver unlimited quantities of cocaine. This Cartesian reductionist model of the human being ignores intelligence, restraint, responsibility, and moral choice. Rather, man is a mere object, a machine or mass of tissue, waiting to be acted upon; and cocaine *is* addictive. Great alarm is justified under this distorted model of reality.

But the facts lend themselves more sensibly to a competing interpretation in which human volition plays the domi-

nant role. Neither cocaine nor any other drug is addicting under this model, simply because the overwhelming majority of people do not *permit* themselves to become addicted. The facts of addiction fit this model much better. The standard claim is that about 15 to 20 percent of those using cocaine sooner or later become addicted. (That figure is almost certainly inflated, as a result of the large number of unknown users who remain "in the closet" precisely because they experience no problems, but I accept the 20 percent claim for the purpose of this discussion.) Obviously, that means that the remaining 80 percent do not become addicted. What sense does it make to call a drug "addictive" when 80 percent (or more) of those who use it do *not* become addicted?

When you start with a false premise, you end up with false conclusions and poor results. The war on drugs is a failure, a destructive failure, of historic proportions, with record levels of cocaine imports, and black-market pathologies from corruption of public officials to international narcoticism. Lieber himself acknowledges that prohibition produces many harmful side effects through the black market it creates. Yet he concludes his piece by illogically calling for even more of that destructive enforcement process. That illogic flows inevitably from the conceptual error underlying the war on drugs—what the article falsely identifies as "the problem of cocaine." If nothing else, the underlying conception—the human being as mere object in the presence of drugs—so denigrates the human spirit that political conservatives and liberals alike ought to find it offensive.

STEVEN WISOTSKY
*Professor of Law
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In his otherwise informed and sensible analysis of the cocaine problem James Lieber unfortunately proposes a system of involuntary commitment for people who are drug-dependent. His assertions, that involuntary treatment will be effective and that laws can be crafted to protect against the abuse of commitment, are both unsupported and unsupportable. Ironically, the best evidence of the failure of civil commitment is provided by the very example Lieber cites—civil commitment of the mentally ill.

Despite extravagant claims to the contrary, no controlled studies demonstrate



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the effectiveness of any involuntary treatment for mental illness. The use and misuse of such treatment has led to a growing movement to restrict psychiatric power. For alcoholism, Alcoholics Anonymous provides the only treatment generally considered to be effective, and AA won't accept involuntary patients. Even for drug dependency, civil commitment has been tried, and it has been an unmitigated disaster. A large-scale system of involuntary commitment was instituted in New York more than fifteen years ago, and it failed. It violated civil liberties, and it didn't accomplish what its proponents had hoped. If Lieber's idea seems new, it is only because we have short memories.

The reasons why involuntary commitment won't work are not hard to discern. Whom would we commit? No matter how many procedural protections are provided, no civil-commitment law can be written that clearly distinguishes those who can be deprived of their freedom from those who cannot. Civil-commitment laws have been widely recognized—even by the current Supreme Court, one not often concerned with checking government power—as confining millions needlessly and unfairly. Will we confine anyone who uses cocaine? Anyone who uses it *x* times a week? Those who "prove" they are addicts by not wanting to quit? Marijuana addicts? Valium addicts? Caffeine addicts?

More fundamentally, it doesn't matter to the person imprisoned whether the jailer is a prison guard who thinks he's saving society or an addiction counselor who thinks he's saving those he imprisons. Changing the labels, or trying to argue that a person tied to a bed behind bars is free, cannot hide the fact that a civil-commitment system results in a tremendous loss of freedom and, like all systems of power, is subject to abuse. Moreover, it will not accomplish what Mr. Lieber hopes it will. No system of involuntary commitment can possibly incarcerate more than a fraction of the drug dependent, and there is no evidence that a coerced cure is possible.

We ought to be abolishing civil-commitment systems, not expanding them.

CHRIS HANSEN
*American Civil Liberties Union
New York, N.Y.*

James Lieber replies:

Steven Wisotsky says that I began with a "false premise." Actually I started

with *his* premise: let people take all the cocaine they want; if 15 to 20 percent become addicted, it's their problem.

During the course of my research I rejected this premise. Cocaine abuse is not simply an individual hardship but also a community problem. I saw the dislocation and suffering endured by those with cocaine habits. Professor Wisotsky says that I regard people as "mere objects." I fear that he regards addicts as objects to be discarded. Eventually I concluded that the cocaine market should be reduced—not expanded through legalization—and that those addicted, where possible, should be helped.

Professor Wisotsky seems to regard my views as akin to the government's. My article makes plain that I regard the interdiction-based war on drugs as a failure, because it induces smugglers to switch to cocaine from marijuana, a far less dangerous drug. Washington now seems enamored of widespread, non-selective drug-testing on the job. Though testing some employees—such as school-bus drivers, or pilots when they behave erratically—may be sensible, a blanket seizure of bodily products from all flies in the face of conventional "probable cause" standards and is likely to breed derision for the recent significant social thrust toward sobriety. And the fact that marijuana is readily detectable for longer periods than is cocaine will not be lost on users. Like interdiction, widespread testing could shift the market to the harder drug. Moreover, it will be expensive. A set of procedures that fairly reliably screens out false positives costs roughly \$200 a person—money better spent on preventive education and treatment.

I respect Chris Hansen's fears about civil commitment but find them overstated. The beneficial efforts of such groups as the ACLU have greatly reduced abuses in this area. Committing people involuntarily is difficult, because adversarial due process is required. After commitment, regular review hearings must be conducted. Once it was common for patients to be "lost" for decades in psychiatric wards. Now that rarely occurs, and, thanks to the rising level of protections, mental-hospital populations have plummeted.

I have advocated additional safeguards for drug commitments, including giving the patient the option of a jury trial and making the state base its position on the opinions of two psychiatrists rather than one. The new Texas statute that

includes these measures should be monitored closely.

Mr. Hansen asks who would be committed. Certainly, the vast majority of people who take drugs would not be eligible. The usual mental-health model requires that the person behave psychotically and have committed or attempted to commit a life-endangering act within the past thirty days. Involuntary drug commitment would add the factor of addiction or dependency. On each element the burden of proof would rest with the state.

I cannot foresee marijuana commitments within this context. Chronic cocaine or amphetamine abuse clearly produces psychotic behavior in some people. In addition to overt violence, some life-threatening acts that could be material evidence would include bingeing to the point of convulsion, driving while highly intoxicated, and self-starvation.

Mr. Hansen also believes that a person doesn't care whether he is imprisoned or committed. But the average initial mental-health commitment is twenty to thirty days, which is far shorter than the criminal sentences legislatures are concocting for cocaine possession.

Also, drug and alcohol treatment has evolved into a respected medical specialty in this country. In most cities one can receive competent, humane, non-moralistic care that emphasizes rehabilitating rather than punishing the patient. I have visited enough of these places to know that the atmosphere is palpably different from that of a prison.

Finally, the unfettered possession and use of toxins for recreation is not a civil liberty. Ironically, those who believe that it is often favor strict control or elimination of hazardous or even allegedly hazardous substances in every other area, from the workplace to the diet. Neither reasoned nor constitutionally indicated, the elitist bias supporting recreational toxins is an unfortunate legacy of the 1960s.

HAPPY READERS

I rarely write letters to the editor about articles I've read, let alone illustrations. But that's exactly what I'm writing you about. Your March issue had the most interesting and inspiring drawings I've ever seen in *The Atlantic*. The cover by Folon and the rest of his illustrations for the article on South Africa were poignant and thought-provoking. And



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Maris Bishofs's drawings for "The Weather Watchers" combine everything—intelligence, design, wit, and aesthetics. Your art director is to be congratulated for a visually exciting issue.

IVA KAUFMAN
New York, N.Y.

I won't play critic—but I will say that reading Ernst Havemann's short story "The Bloodsong" (February *Atlantic*) was a wonderful experience.

STAN MORK
Seattle, Wash.

Someday, in an age less self-conscious and selfish than this one—when, among other things, people need not lament, as General Jimmy Doolittle once did, "the passing of a day when a man was not too proud to be called a patriot"—someday someone will publish a collection of the greatest love stories of all time. Surely Mark Helprin's magnificent story "The Pacific" (March *Atlantic*) will stand tall in the pages of the select in that anthology of the finest, with the words on the pages acting like wide-open eyes looking straight at the reader, unblinking—"like a sentinel."

DANIEL L. LYNCH
New York, N.Y.

The short story "The Pacific," by Mark Helprin, was the first piece of literature I have read for a long time that moved me. Thank you for sharing not only an admirable piece of work but also a human experience.

CAROL HAMILTON
Midwest City, Okla.

SEX AND REDHEADS

A few comments on Alistair Horne's review of J. D. Bredin's book about the Dreyfus case (February *Atlantic*). Mr. Horne says, "Zola, too, went to prison for his pains." Zola was condemned to prison but he fled to England and so was not imprisoned. By mentioning President Loubet before President Félix Faure, Horne implies that Loubet was in office before Faure, which is contrary to fact. As for the latter conducting a "highly private interview—unsuitable to his years—with a lusty redhead," Faure was only fifty-eight years old, and many men have had sex at that age with females of various hair colors.

For the second trial in Rennes, when Dreyfus was condemned again (by a 5-

to-2 vote), Mr. Horne seems to put the full blame on the "blundering of his lawyers." But other factors were important, notably the reluctance of officer judges to go against what they knew to be the desires of their superiors. Mr. Horne may think that the hopes of restoring the monarchy in France had "already been sealed by 1870–1871," but that seems to me to be *ex post facto* history. Had it not been for the white-flag issue, the Count of Chambord might well have become King. Besides, Mr. Horne himself says that Bredin claims the Dreyfus affair was only the final collapse of monarchist hopes. Nothing wrong with that statement!

BERNARD SINSHEIMER
Department of History
University of Maryland
Boulogne, France

Alistair Horne replies:

Far be it from me to suggest that sex with a redhead might topple a man of fifty-eight. What I thought was clear from my review was that it was primarily the circumstances of the encounter—that is, in the presidential office, during hours, and under the extreme stress of the Dreyfus affair—that were Faure's undoing.

And, of course, I am just as aware as Professor Sinsheimer of the proper chronological order of the Presidents of France.

CLAIMS TRIBUNALS

In his excellent article from The Hague, "Hostage Aftermath" (January *Atlantic*), Alan Tonelson writes: "The legal and financial world has never seen anything like the Iran–United States Claims Tribunal."

However, I must observe that at various times, and especially following the First and Second World Wars, various Mixed Arbitral Tribunals, Mixed Claims Commissions, and so forth, have been set up. For example: the Romanian-Hungarian Mixed Arbitral Tribunal, the Mixed Claims Commission United States–Germany, the General Claims Commission Mexico–United States, and so on.

Some of the awards rendered by international arbitral tribunals, like the United States–Canada Mixed Committee of Arbitration, became famous. This committee was set up in 1929 following the sinking by the U.S. Coast Guard of the

smuggler ship *I'm Alone*, which was registered in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia.

NICHOLAS M. POULANTZAS
Canadian Institute for
International Order
Ottawa, Ontario

Alan Tonelson replies:

Mr. Poulantzas is correct in pointing out that the United States and other countries have had considerable experience with such arbitration exercises in the past. I referred briefly to America's experience with these arrangements in my article. The sentence in question refers chiefly to the political hostility, stopping short of war, between the United States and Iran. I did not intend to imply that the Iran–U.S. Claims Tribunal was history's first mixed-claims tribunal.

ADVICE & CONSENT

Photocopying is about the most dreadful chore a clerical worker faces. Many clerical workers would gladly relinquish their photocopying duties to their supervisors. Thus we were dismayed to find, tucked away in an otherwise interesting article on xerography ("Copies in Seconds," February *Atlantic*), this statement by David Owen: "As has already begun to be apparent, working in the office of the future will be a lot more fun for secretaries than for executives, who will spend more and more of their time figuring out ways to lay their hands on some of that neat stuff." Using such a glib tone to describe clerical work contributes to the undervaluing of secretaries and other clerical workers, who often find that "improved" technology creates more work for them.

A case in point is the effect of computer typesetting on the publishing industry. Whereas the editorial assistant previously prepared manuscripts to be typeset, she now often types ("inputs") them on the word-processor herself. Thus a greater portion of her time is spent on secretarial duties, and her position is downgraded.

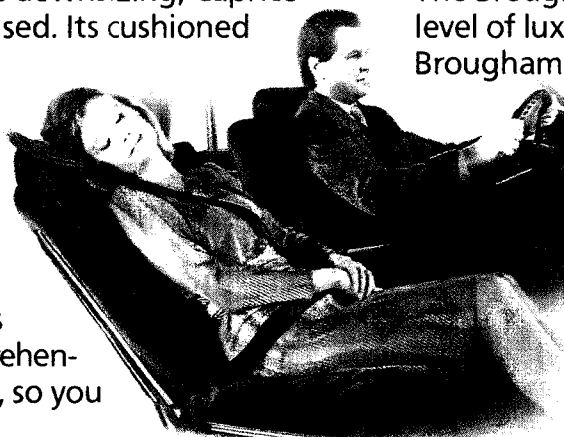
Mr. Owen is right in saying that "much of the photocopying done today is entirely unnecessary." Such abuse of technology is also an abuse of personnel. Clerical workers become little more than automatons, which is hardly a "fun" way to work.

MARY JANE CURRY and
ABIGAIL M. HEIM
Somerville and Cambridge, Mass.

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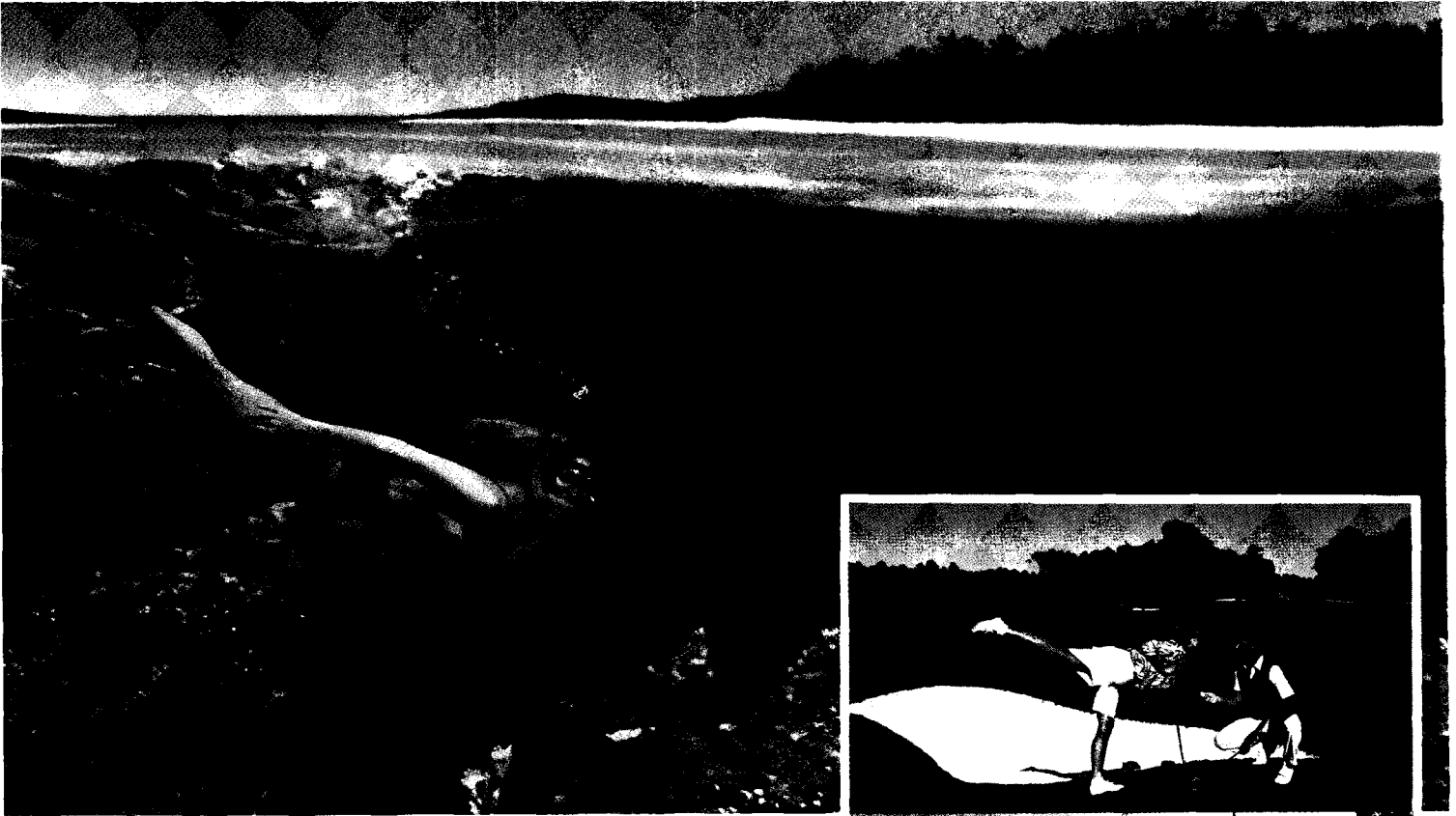
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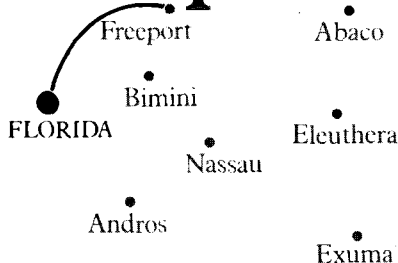
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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

THE COUNTRY'S CHANGING MEASURE

PHILIP LARKIN, the English poet, died last year at the age of sixty-three. The obituaries spoke of him as the voice of Britain's long slide—the years that saw its standard of living eclipsed by Italy's. You don't have to be British, however, to respond to these lines:

The statues will be standing in the same
Tree-muffled squares and look nearly the same.

Our children will not know that it is a different country.

All we can hope to leave them now is money.

Because I live in a small city whose center is full of boarded-up shops and stores (victims of a suburban mall), those words about Britain voice my sense—one of my senses—of America. The country is so different from what it was even in green memory—its diners killed off by the chains, its grocery stores by supermarkets, its street and neighborhood life by television—that it is hard to take the measure of the changes. That's why we need poets like Philip Larkin: to take the country's changing measure, and ours.

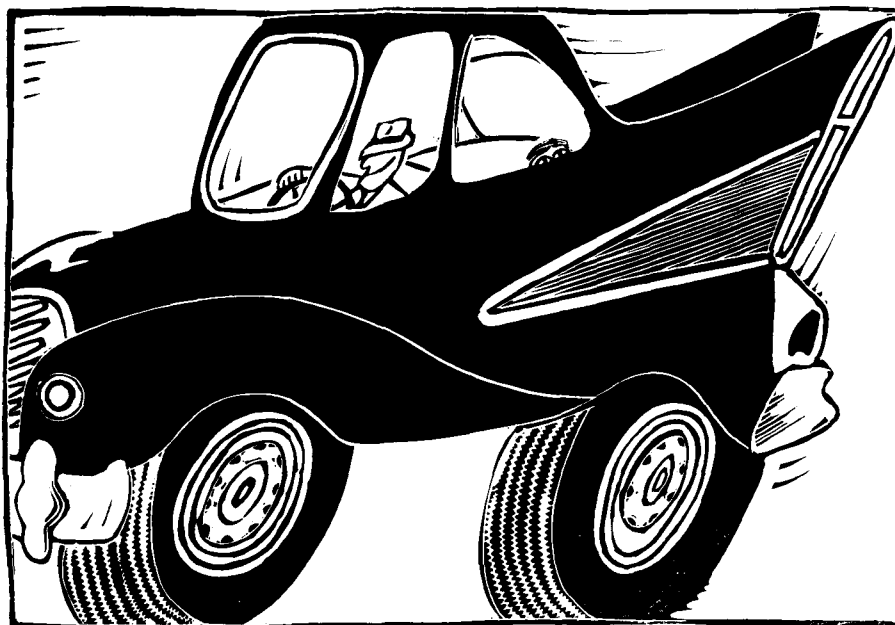
Robert Lowell was such a poet—the voice of an American generation. Still, America is not a tight little island like Britain (where, to give you the measure of the difference, a newspaper once led a story this way: "It was raining in America on election day"). America is a geographic and social immensity, in which

even the voice of a public poet like Lowell could sound coterie, limited by time and temperament and class in a way that the Larkin lines I quoted do not seem limited. I am thinking particularly of the closing lines of his "For the Union Dead." The poem takes as its starting point the Saint-Gaudens frieze in front of the Massachusetts State House, which depicts the Boston abolitionist Robert Gould Shaw leading his Negro troops off to war: "Two months after marching through Boston, half the regiment was dead." It then moves to a climactic contrast between the high-mindedness of Colonel Shaw and the crassness and vulgarity of 1959 Boston: "Everywhere, / giant finned cars nose forward like fish; / a savage servility / slides by on grease."

A savage servility? That is meant to describe the finned cars of the fifties. My father had one. He was proud of it, and I of him for possessing so brazen a car. I think the sheer ornamental exu-

berance of its fins made him feel that the Depression, which had nearly wrecked his life and which had irrevocably changed its course, was not going to come back. The Depression was gone for good; somehow the car was a promise of that. What Lowell saw as vulgarity, he experienced as freedom, as release. Lowell's alienation from the postwar superfluity, in these lines at any rate, seems born of a sense of superiority to it. Larkin's alienation from Britain, in contrast, seems to spring from a kind of identification with Britain's decline; this man, we feel, has lost as much as his country has. (*It is what he's lost.*) Larkin's reference to "our children" draws me in—wins from me the spontaneous assent that is poetic belief. I don't feel that way about Lowell's brilliant description, for I, a Boston boy, am in the back seat of one of those savage servilities, and the old Democrat I can only dream back from death is at the wheel.

—Jack Beatty





A CLASH OF GOOD INTENTIONS

ROLLED STEEL: the very words appeal to the ear, suggesting strength and solidity but also grace and elegance. Rolled steel—steel that has been hot-rolled and then cold-worked—is so thin and pliable that it can be punched into cans that are almost as light, just as easily crushed, and nearly as cheap to transport as their aluminum counterparts. But iron ore for making rolled steel is cheap to mine and process, whereas extracting aluminum from bauxite is expensive. The problem is not that aluminum is scarce. In fact it is the most abundant element on earth. But separating aluminum from the ore in which it occurs is accomplished by means of an extremely energy-intensive electrolytic process. As a result, the production and distribution of an aluminum can consumes a quarter to a third more energy than the production and distribution of a rolled-steel can does.

In the late 1960s, when rolled steel was developed, it seemed to be a stunning technological achievement—the imminent successor to aluminum, and the NutraSweet of the canning industry. Today, less than fifteen years later, cans made of rolled steel are a footnote in the annals of the beverage industry.

Was the technology flawed? No, the performance of rolled steel proved to be as good as its promise. Did the captains of industry see too little gain? No again. The profit motive started rolled steel rolling, and initial experiments with the new technology bore out all of the happy predictions. It is tempting to look for villains when something as obviously advantageous as rolled steel meets an unexpected demise. But around its deathbed one finds instead only good guys doing right and proper things.

THE FATE OF rolled-steel cans may have been decided even before their conception. The story begins during the late 1960s, when beverage companies began replacing their traditional solder-seamed, tinned-steel cans with cans made of aluminum. The lighter cans meant that distributors could move more cans farther for substantially less money. The future of aluminum cans seemed, like the cans themselves, bright and everlasting. Unfortunately, the durability of aluminum drew attention to a problem. It used to be that cans thrown from car windows or left at the dump—cans made of tinned steel—would rust and degrade inconspicuously. But aluminum was different; its ability to survive the elements, and thus to blot the landscape for years, alarmed environmentalists. That concern dovetailed with another: that the processing of bauxite into aluminum—a material vital to industry for car parts, plane parts, and a variety of electronic components—was contributing inordinately to the depletion of the world's energy resources. In the early 1970s well-meaning visionaries speculated that future generations might have to strip mine the garbage pits of their ancestors in order to salvage a material that had once been ubiquitous.

A solution—recycling—was at hand. Aluminum manufacturers and beverage companies, together with environmentalist groups and dealers in used metals, set up recycling centers across the country. Success was not instantaneous, but industrialists and activists alike worked hard to raise the public consciousness and also to make an enlightened consciousness (or a consciousness, however characterized, that achieved the same results) financially worthwhile. Recyclers began to offer premiums of as much as a penny a can. By the late 1970s it was not uncommon to see people with litter-sticks walking along the highways spearing cans. In the cities, garbage

dumpsters behind apartment complexes were systematically looted. Recycling achieved a broad, even unintended, mixture of social objectives. Trash was collected, resources were conserved, and many of society's less fortunate members received a supplementary income.

Enter American Can Company, with its invention of rolled-steel beverage cans. The relative advantages of rolled steel were immediately apparent to the beverage industry. It was cheap, it was lightweight, and it was biodegradable. The only aluminum that a rolled-steel can would require would be for the top. All that was needed was a company daring enough to be the first to experiment with the new material. Coke was it. By 1976 in many parts of the country Coca-Cola bottlers were canning all of the company's beverages, from Coke to Tab to Sprite to Mr PiBB, in containers fashioned from rolled steel. Rolled steel entirely lived up to the company's expectations. Financial success and kudos for good citizenship seemed assured. Nevertheless, by 1980 most of the company's bottlers had switched back to aluminum.

At least one reason for the about-face seemed to have to do with "image": certainly rolled steel was hurting Coke's public-relations profile. Aluminum cans were worth twenty-seven cents a pound, but rolled-steel cans were worth barely one or two cents a pound; recycling rolled steel—in other words, recycling cans that had contained Coca-Cola products—was not cost-effective. Was the Coca-Cola Company, environmentalists asked, turning its back on the whole concept of recyclable resources? In response Coke might have explained to the public that recycling has never been total. It might have pointed out that, notwithstanding optimistic claims by some proponents, in 18,000 landfills across the country many truckloads of aluminum cans are discarded every day. Thus, the company might have argued, as long as beverage cans are made of aluminum, a great deal of aluminum will be wasted no matter how aggressive the attempts at recycling. Coke might have concurred with some environmentalists of the time, who cautioned that recycling is itself energy-intensive. What, Coke might have asked, is to be gained by using gas-guzzling cars to shuttle a few pounds of aluminum several miles to a recycling center? Coke might have noted that even though it is not profit-

able to recycle rolled steel, the steel can be manufactured cheaply from materials whose availability is far from scarce. Coke might have observed, in sum, that a beverage industry using unrecycled rolled-steel cans would save more resources than a beverage industry using aluminum cans in conjunction with a recycling effort of even the most optimistic proportions. But Coke argued none of these things. The company decided instead to turn away from rolled steel, thereby supporting the recycling industry and succoring the environmentalists. It reverted to aluminum cans. As a result, despite the best intentions of everyone concerned, the United States is still producing far more aluminum—and thus using up far more energy—than it needs to.

WHAT BROUGHT THE saga of rolled steel to mind was a news item that turned up several months ago. In Columbus, Georgia, last October the Coca-Cola Company test-marketed a new container with a recyclable-plastic body and an aluminum top, as the latest replacement for its aluminum can. Because equipment for the recycling of aluminum can be damaged by plastic, Coke set up its own recycling system, installing five "reverse" vending machines that issued a penny per can returned.

Whether or not the plastic can will conserve more energy than the aluminum can is a matter of debate. If the aluminum industry is correct in its belief that 52 percent of all aluminum cans are recycled, then aluminum and plastic cans should make roughly the same demand on energy resources. According to the Container Development Company, which with Coke is developing the plastic can, it should take at least 20 percent less energy to make cans out of plastic than it does to make them out of aluminum.

Coke says that its experiment went well from a marketing standpoint. The reaction outside Columbus has been decidedly cool, however. A public-interest group, Californians Against Waste, has been campaigning vociferously against a shift to plastic containers. According to William Shireman, the group's executive director, one of the chief concerns is that the plastic container would "subvert aluminum-can recycling." Several counties in California are reported to be thinking about banning plastic containers; in March the Kentucky house voted by a

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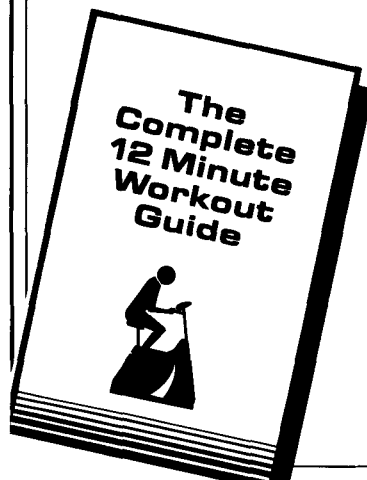
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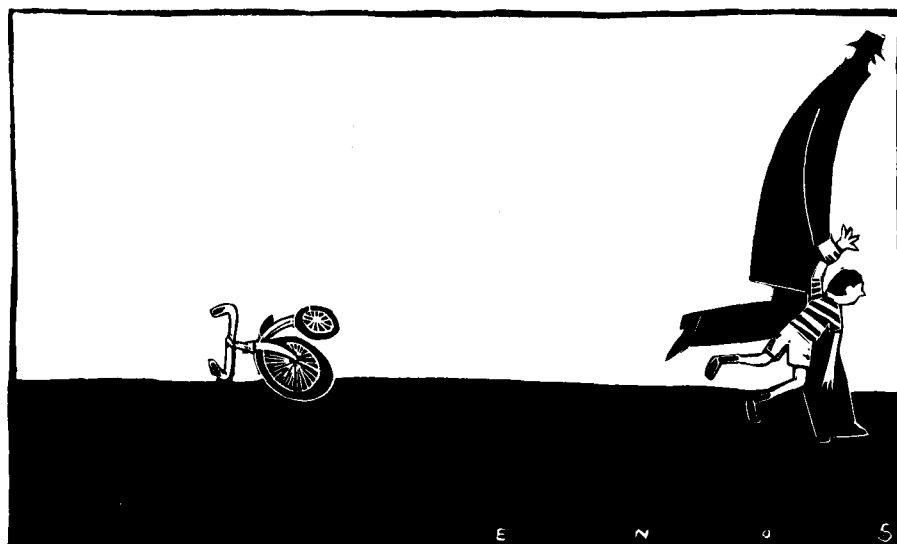
narrow margin to table a bill that would have imposed such a ban statewide. (Kentucky ranks third in the nation's production of primary aluminum.)

Coke, for its part, prefers not to speculate on the fate of the plastic container. The company will say only that it is concentrating "on plastics collection and recycling systems" and that it will "not commercially market the new plastic packaging until key recycling issues . . . are resolved."

As I mentioned at the outset, there are no real villains in this story, and that is the point. Recycling is by and large a good thing. The profit motive is by and

large a good thing. A social conscience in the corporate boardroom is by and large a good thing. But sometimes good things bump into one another in unexpectedly bad ways. This is a feature of life in America that continually takes us by surprise. We tend to be vigilant when it comes to archfiends and evil motives. We are accustomed to catastrophes that come in CinemaScope and with Dolby sound. But we are not very watchful of the ordinary—of the small conflicts among desirable goals in which most larger-than-life calamities have their sources.

—William Rathje



CRIME THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

Although the statistics on missing children are plentiful, few are backed by hard research

MOST AMERICANS ARE acquainted with the issue. The smiling faces of missing—presumably abducted—youngsters peer out from milk cartons, from grocery bags and utility bills, from fast-food cups, from congressional mail. NBC has broadcast several docudramas in recent years: *Missing I*, *Missing II*, *Missing III*, and *Adam*, a movie about the abduction and slaying of six-year-old Adam Walsh in 1981. (The network has aired *Adam* twice since its debut, in the fall of 1983. A sequel—*Adam: His Song Continues*—is in production.) In March

2,800 shopping malls participated in a week-long drive to fingerprint 10 million children, thus making it easier for police officers to search if any of those children subsequently disappear.

Accounts in newspapers and magazines as well as on television have given credence to the claims that 1.8 million children are missing and that tens of thousands of these missing children were abducted by strangers. On the heels of such claims have followed others: that 1.5 million children are involved every year in prostitution or child pornography (*USA Today*); that some 2,500 unidentified children are buried every year in potter's fields (Senator Arlen Specter).

Americans have, naturally, reacted to such reports with alarm. Police departments are conducting campaigns to fingerprint children in their jurisdictions. Board games and children's books designed to alert youngsters to the potential threat posed by strangers are on the shelves. Entrepreneurs offer missing-child insurance, to protect policyholders

against the catastrophic costs of trying to recover a lost child. During the past five years numerous "child-find" organizations—as well as a federally subsidized information clearinghouse, in Washington, D.C.—have sprung up across the country to assist parents and police departments. In March more than 700 members of child-find groups and law-enforcement agencies took part in the first National Conference on Missing and Exploited Children, at the Chicago Hilton and Towers Hotel. For four days they attended workshops and seminars with titles like "The Victim's Trauma," "Courtroom Techniques," and "Profile of a Pedophile."

The child-find business is a far-flung enterprise. It includes government agencies, private volunteer groups, and for-profit companies. Their concerns are various. What has become increasingly clear, however, is that the nature and scope of the problems they seek to address are really not known. Although statistics are plentiful, few are backed by hard research. A series of articles in *The Denver Post* in May of 1985 first called some of the commonly recited data into question. In the months since then the claims put forward by some groups have become a good deal less sensational. A report on missing children released in March by the Department of Justice declares that no precise figures exist.

In the absence of firm information, child-find groups are at odds with one another over which categories of missing children merit priority. Some believe that the emphasis on abductions (and murders) of children by strangers distracts law-enforcement agencies and the public from a more common crime against children—abductions by parents. With the appropriation in 1984 of federal funds and the increased availability of corporate money that has followed, the debate has turned into a squabble.

MISSING CHILDREN HAVE been high on the nation's agenda since the early 1980s. To be sure, the problem has been around for a lot longer. Social workers and police officers have been grappling for years with cases of runaway and kidnapped children. During the 1970s, as divorce rates climbed, several private groups, among them Children's Rights of New York, began to confront the growing problem of abductions of children by non-custodial parents. But

the issue of missing children became fixed in the public imagination not by runaways or parental abductions but by a series of tragic episodes that began in 1979.

In May of that year six-year-old Etan Patz, on his way to school, disappeared off the streets of New York City. There was no ransom note, and no clues were found. Newspapers all over the country carried the story. Two months later the police in Atlanta discovered the body of fourteen-year-old Edward Hope Smith, the first of the Atlanta Child Murderer's twenty-eight apparent victims. The killings would continue for two years, until the arrest of Wayne P. Williams, in June of 1981. The following month six-year-old Adam Walsh disappeared from the toy department of a Sears outlet in Hollywood, Florida. After a highly publicized two-week manhunt—the largest in South Florida's history—police found the little boy's head floating in a canal in Vero Beach.

In October of 1981 Paula Hawkins, Florida's first-year Republican senator and the chairman of the Subcommittee on Investigations and General Oversight of the Senate Committee on Labor and Human Resources, convened the first of a series of congressional hearings on missing children. Hawkins invited John Walsh, Adam's father, and Julie Patz, Etan's mother, to testify. In her opening statement Hawkins said, "We simply do not know how many children disappear from their families each year. The estimates are as high as 1.8 million children per year." John Walsh said, "Fifty thousand children disappear annually and are abducted [by strangers] for reasons of foul play." Both statistics have been cited repeatedly over the years in congressional testimony and in press reports.

Where did the numbers come from? Hawkins's statement at the 1981 hearings was prepared by the subcommittee's chief counsel, Jay Howell. Howell says he got the statistic "1.3 to 1.8 million" from the Department of Health and Human Services (HHS). But according to Michael Ambrose, the director of the division of the department which manages the runaway- and homeless-youth program, "It's possible that someone said that over the phone, but it was never an official position of the department." Ambrose says that the figure the department uses now is "more than a million." The 50,000 abductions cited by Walsh is a guesstimate. According to

Walsh's testimony, he arrived at the number "after contacting and speaking with" representatives of child-find organizations around the country. The Federal Bureau of Investigation cannot confirm Walsh's estimate. In 1985 the FBI investigated only fifty-six instances of children abducted by strangers. (The number investigated by the Bureau in 1981 was thirty-five.)

Two studies conducted long after the congressional hearings seem to bear out the estimate cited by Hawkins that 1.8 million children disappear annually. The first is a review of assorted local data, issued in 1983 by the Department of Health and Human Services, which concludes that there are "1,155,384 runaway/homeless youths annually in the U.S." (The department defines "homeless youths" as "those who have no parental or substitute foster or institutional home.") The second is a survey conducted in 1983 by Richard J. Gelles, who is a sociologist at the University of Rhode Island, and Louis Harris and Associates which suggests that as many as 626,000 children a year are snatched by one of their parents. Taken together, these research findings yield a total of roughly 1.8 million.

Although the number of runaways and homeless children indicated by the HHS study is disturbing, these children tend to be older than abducted children (FBI figures indicate that 90 percent of them are at least thirteen), and thus they are presumably better equipped to take care of themselves. Moreover, it is wrong to think of the "runaway" component of this category either as permanently lost or as all lost at the same time. Most runaways return, and do so rather quickly. William Treanor, the executive director of the American Youth Work Center, in Washington, D.C., estimates that at least half of all runaways are routine cases—kids who squabble with their parents, live with a friend for a day or two, and then go home. A study conducted in California in 1984 suggests that about 50 percent of all runaways return to their families or guardians within a week and that 97 percent do so within a month. The homeless—children who do not return—are, of course, cause for serious concern. Their ranks include the three percent of runaways who stay away longer than a month; "throwaways," whose parents or guardians forced them to leave; children fleeing foster care; and adolescents discharged from residential schools and psychiatric hospitals.

How many such children there are at any given time remains a matter of speculation.

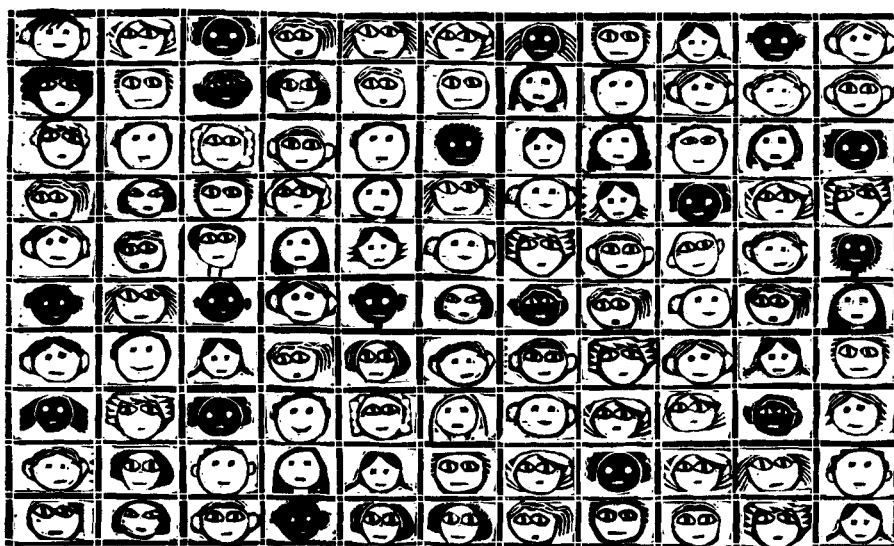
Children abducted by a parent tend to be very young—too young, in most cases, to use the telephone and call for help. Again, no one really knows how many such kidnappings occur. The 1983 study by Richard Gelles and the Harris Poll was based on interviews with 3,745 adults nationwide. Of these respondents fifty-five reported "personal involvement in an incident of [parental] child snatching in the previous 12 months." The Gelles/Harris study applied that rate to the 83.5 million households in the United States in 1982 and projected that if an average of four households are involved in each episode of child snatching, then one should expect 313,000 such episodes a year. Richard Gelles states in his report on the study, published in the August, 1984, *Journal of Marriage and the Family*, that if "the least number of households that can be involved is two, then the highest estimate of parental child snatching is 626,000." Parental abductions are a serious problem, but it is difficult to credit numbers as high as these. Gelles himself says, "Far from the last word, the study is only the first word. I don't make much out of the numbers. It's not a definitive incident study."

The third and by far the smallest group of missing children is the one that has received almost all of the attention: those abducted by strangers. The FBI investigates fewer than a hundred such abductions every year. Skeptics think that the FBI's numbers are probably low, for two reasons. They argue that some police departments fail to report all abductions to the FBI, and that the FBI's definition of an abduction is too narrow. In defense of the FBI's statistics a spokesman for the Bureau, William Carter, says, "Any reputable police department will contact us." Moreover, he says, what defines an abduction as such is "a foggy issue." For example, he says, "If a young girl is grabbed, thrown into the bushes, and molested, some people would call it an abduction, but it seems more precise to call it a rape. That's how we would classify it." Even if the FBI's information is incomplete, the wide discrepancy between the fifty-six kidnappings that the Bureau investigated last year and the estimates in the tens of thousands put forward by Walsh (and others) makes those estimates difficult to accept.

ALTHOUGH ABDUCTIONS of children by strangers are relatively rare, they are horrifying and thus widely publicized. It was largely in response to a perceived epidemic of such abductions—and not because of the lingering problem of runaways, or the growing one of child-snatchings by parents—that Congress in 1984 passed the Missing Children's Assistance Act and enjoined the Justice Department to conduct an "incident survey" to shore up the data base on missing children. A pilot study for such a survey is being conducted now by the Northwestern University Survey Laboratory, which is under contract to the Justice Department, with help from the Illinois Department of State Police. The incident survey's results will not be available until 1988 at the earliest.

The same year in which the Missing Children's Assistance Act was passed, the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children was established, with the aid of funds from the Justice Department. The Center occupies one and a half floors of a modern office building in Washington, D.C. It functions as a private non-profit corporation, though it is closely linked to the Department of Justice. Jay Howell, the former chief counsel to Senator Hawkins's Investigations Subcommittee, is the executive director of the organization, which has a paid staff of forty-eight. The center has so far received some \$4.4 million in federal funds. It operates a nationwide toll-free missing-child hotline, provides "technical assistance" and training to law-enforcement agencies, advises state legislatures, and publishes pamphlets for parents to help promote child safety. Among other things, the National Center urges parents to maintain up-to-date photographic, dental, medical, and fingerprint records of their children. Although the center essentially serves not as a child-find agency but as an information clearinghouse, Howell claims that from October of 1984 to March of 1986 it "assisted in finding" some 3,500 children, seventy-three of whom, he says, had been abducted by strangers. (Thirty-one of the children abducted by strangers were found dead.)

In the absence of a definitive nationwide study of missing children, the National Center has had little choice but to cite the various estimates in circulation. The center accepts federal estimates of the number of runaways and homeless children. It says that estimates of the number of parental kidnappings vary



from 25,000 to more than 750,000, and warns that "no surveys . . . have gained widespread approval or support." Finally, the center reports that plausible estimates of the number of children abducted by strangers range from 4,000 to 20,000. These figures include abductions that may last for only a few minutes or hours.

The National Center is the most publicized effort in behalf of missing children, but many other groups are also active. The National Child Safety Council, based in Jackson, Michigan, is perhaps the best-known child-safety organization in the country. Founded in 1955 by H. R. Wilkinson and his wife, Glennis, it meets its annual budget of \$4 million through contributions. The council distributes some 750 tons of pamphlets, brochures, and teaching aids every year on how to protect children from a variety of threats—cigarettes, drugs, and bicycle accidents, for example. The council has only recently made kidnappings a priority.

The Wilkinsons initiated the campaign to put photographs of abducted children on milk cartons and shopping bags. As of this spring photographs had appeared on some three billion milk cartons and an even larger number of paper bags. Yet the council cannot confirm that its campaign, by itself, has brought home a single child. Also, coming up with enough of the "right" kinds of children for display on the cartons and bags—not runaways, not children taken by a parent—has proved difficult. Gaylord Walker, the council's director of national programs, says, "The problem has been getting kids into the category where we can call them children abducted by a non-family member."

There simply are not all that many such children. The several billion photographs circulated by the Child Safety Council have all been of the same 106 children.

The third most prominent group is the Adam Walsh Child Resource Center, in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. On a \$400,000 annual budget, the Adam Walsh Center employs twelve full-time staff members based in Florida, New York, Ohio, and California. Like other groups, the Adam Walsh Center distributes literature, arranges lectures and school programs, and sponsors fingerprinting drives. John Walsh is the president of the center's board of directors. Poised and articulate, Walsh is the great communicator of the child-find movement. He is not a master of subtlety, however. "This country is littered with mutilated, decapitated, raped, and strangled children," he once told a congressional committee. Walsh's partisans point out that he was instrumental in setting up the National Center and that he has lobbied effectively for tougher child-abuse laws. His detractors decry his "horror stories" as needlessly frightening to parents and children.

In addition to the three largest groups, roughly a hundred other private voluntary organizations, or PVOs, are involved in the child-find cause. More than a few of these have been fly-by-night businesses set up by entrepreneurs to cash in on the public's fear. Most are legitimate concerns. Many were established by men and women who have endured the loss of a child. Children's Rights of New York, for example, was set up in 1977 by John Gill, a professor of English at Suffolk County Community College, after his ex-wife

abducted their six-year-old daughter and fled to Iceland. (She later surrendered the child.) The Vanished Children's Alliance was established in 1980 by Georgia Hilgeman, in Los Gatos, California, after her ex-husband abducted their thirteen-month-old daughter. (Hilgeman, too, recovered her child.)

Most PVOs are less concerned with abductions by strangers than with the more common abductions by parents. The stock in trade of the PVOs, like that of the bigger groups, is education, counseling, and lobbying for protective legislation. Although some PVOs, such as the Society for Young Victims, in Newport, Rhode Island, and Texas Child Search, in San Antonio, claim to have helped locate missing children (dead and alive), they say that to protect the privacy of the families they will not disclose the children's names. As a result their claims are often difficult to substantiate.

THE FRATERNITY OF child-find groups may be united by a common purpose but it is also riven by disputes over money and turf. Many PVOs regard the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children as a johnny-come-lately that has not only siphoned away federal and corporate money but also adopted a patronizing attitude toward groups that were laboring on the front lines before the center even existed. Hilgeman complains, "Groups like mine are starving for money. We've been around a lot longer than the National Center, and we're getting the shaft." Jo Ann Currier, the president of Child Keyppers, in Lake Worth, Florida, says, "Because the center's address is in Washington, and because it is national, the corporations think it's the end-all." Currier points to a campaign by Dole Foods recently to raise \$250,000 for the National Center. Last September 15 Dole added a two-page flier to 43 million Sunday newspapers. The advertisement displayed a picture of President Reagan asking Americans to "help us find our missing children." Each insert included coupons offering discounts on Dole products. For every redeemed coupon Dole promised to send the National Center five cents. To create what Dole's advertising agency referred to as "extra drumroll," Dole asked local groups, including Currier's Child Keyppers, to boost the campaign by distributing posters of missing children to local grocery stores. Currier and the leaders of other PVOs are disgusted

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that their groups did not receive any of the \$250,000, which Dole presented to the National Center in January. "And to think that I used to eat their frozen banana bar," she says.

Last fall the Justice Department awarded a grant of \$383,203 to a Denver-based consulting firm, the Institute for Non-Profit Organization and Management, to teach PVOs how to manage what money they have and how to raise more. INPOM plans to run sixteen three-day seminars around the country over the next two years; assisting its efforts will be the Adam Walsh Child Resource Center, which has received a \$115,000 subcontract. The plan infuriates Currier and other PVO leaders. For one thing, the seminars will get under way just as the National Center steps up its own campaign to raise a \$20 million endowment—directed at the same sources on which local groups must rely. "Why not just give us the money, so we can pay our phone bills?" Currier asks. "By the time they get around to teaching us how to make money, there won't be any more to get."

At the conference on missing children in Chicago in March thirty local child-find groups established the National Association of Missing Child Organizations. NAMCO has noble objectives—such as developing professional standards for child-find groups and sharing information and other resources—but it also represents a challenge to the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children. NAMCO's members have their eyes on the federal and corporate money that is now going almost exclusively to the National Center.

However the local and national groups resolve their differences, the problem of missing children needs to be put in perspective. A trustworthy survey of missing children by category is a much-needed first step. Closer scrutiny of the numbers by everyone involved—child-find organizations, law-enforcement agencies, and the press—is essential if we are ever to know the true dimensions of the problem and what to do about it. Beyond that, certain changes in basic law seem long overdue. The report on missing and exploited children released by the Department of Justice in March makes a number of recommendations. One is to classify abductions by non-custodial parents as felonies rather than misdemeanors—a move that could deter such abductions and that would compel the states to extradite offenders.

Another is to repeal state and local laws forbidding the police to detain runaway and homeless children. Such laws, passed in response to an act of Congress in 1974, were intended to preserve the rights of children. According to the Justice Department's report, the result has been to "set [children] free to a life on the street."

Arguably, milk-carton campaigns and frightening press reports have served a purpose by catching the country's attention. But more children might be helped by efforts that make less news.

—Neil Spitzer



BUREAUCRACY

A MINISTERIAL PORTFOLIO

The Ministry of Jute, the Ministry of Friendly Societies, and other offices along the corridors of power

ONE OF PARKINSON'S LAWS holds that the ideal government cabinet contains just five members. One of them knows the law, one knows finance, one knows foreign policy, and one knows defense. The fifth member, the one who has failed to master any of these subjects, usually becomes the Prime Minister. Over time, however, other officials, representing other interests, will seek to join the cabinet, and it often proves easier to let them in than to keep them out. As a result, cabinets tend to get larger and larger.

Americans will recognize the truth of

this. The first cabinet of the United States, in 1789, had exactly the four secretaries that Parkinson prescribes. The cabinet grew to eight by the end of its first century and stands at thirteen as it approaches the end of its second. A nice case for Parkinson. Still, the United States is cabinet-poor compared with most countries. On average, each of the world's 174 national governments employs twenty-five cabinet-level ministers. These 4,300 officials are identified and paired with their portfolios in a bi-monthly publication called *Chiefs of State and Cabinet Members of Foreign Governments*, which is put out by the Central Intelligence Agency.

According to the CIA, only a handful of foreign states have smaller cabinets than the United States, many of them theocracies and principalities. The tiniest belongs to the Vatican, which lists only two cabinet-level officials—one of them the Pope. Monaco and Liechtenstein also have modest bureaucratic needs. Monaco gets along with a Councilor for Interior, Finance, and Economics, and one for Public Works and Social Affairs. Liechtenstein deems sufficient the gentle Departments of Agriculture, Health, and Welfare. The seven ministers in the ancient realm of Bhutan include the King, Jigme Singye Wangchuck, and two princesses. This is clearly no storybook kingdom: the princesses are in charge of Development and Finance.

As one might expect, Communist regimes are at the opposite end of the bureaucratic scale, employing whole rafts of ministers. Romania has sixty-three ministers and Vietnam has forty-eight. Communist North Korea has fifty (to South Korea's twenty-four), and East Germany forty-five (as against West Germany's eighteen). The Soviet Union has a vast cabinet of 135 officers, the largest number of any state, in charge of carefully allocated responsibilities. Eleven ministries deal with machine building alone: the Ministry of Machine Building for Light and Food Industry and Household Appliances, of Medium Machine Building, of Heavy and Transport Machine Building, of Chemical and Petroleum Machine Building, of Construction, Road, and Municipal Machine Building, of Machine Tool and Tool Building Industry, of Power Machine Building, of Tractor and Agricultural Machine Building, and of Machine Building for Animal Husbandry and Fodder Production. With all these, what



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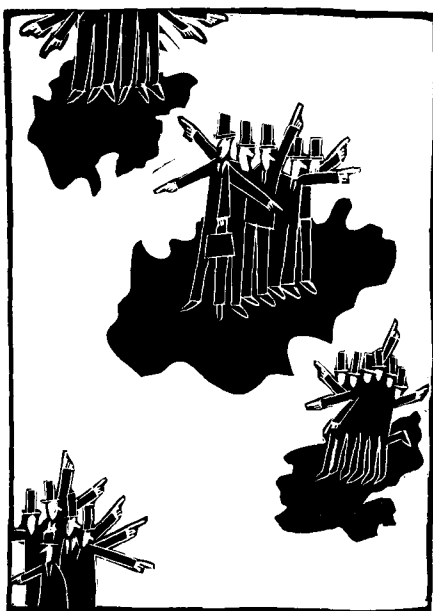
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could possibly be left for the two remaining, the Ministries of General Machine Building and Machine Building?

Many small and remote countries also enjoy a wealth of ministerial positions. The state of Antigua and Barbuda has twenty-three, Guyana has thirty-three, and the Cook Islands has forty-three. Gabon has fifty-five cabinet-rank officers—one for every 20,000 inhabitants. (In the United States there is one cabinet member for every 18 million citizens.) Most of Gabon's ministers have multiple responsibilities. For example, a single minister is responsible for Domains, Housing, Urbanism, Land Registration, and the Law of the Sea. Gabon also has a Minister of Road, Rail, River, and Lagoon Transport and of Social Communication.

Although New Zealand has almost as many cabinet posts as Gabon, it thriftily employs rather fewer ministers. The same names appear over and over again. One Geoffrey Palmer is Deputy Prime Minister and Attorney General, runs the Ministry of Justice, holds down the Ministry in Charge of the Government Printing Office, and serves as the Minister in Charge of the Legislative Department. Similarly, in the smaller but considerably more turbulent cabinet of Lebanon, Nabih Barri finds time to preside at Justice as well as to control Hydroelectric Resources. Such versatility is rivaled in Brunei, where Sir Hassanal Bolkiah, the Sultan, is also Prime Minister, the Minister of Finance, and Minister of Internal Affairs. On the little South Pacific island of Niue, thirteen of the twenty-three ministries are run by the Premier, Robert R. Rex, C.M.G., O.B.E., and his son, Robert R. Rex, Jr.; two other officials share the remaining ten posts. The record for most cabinet posts filled by an individual belongs to Rajiv Gandhi, who holds eleven out of India's twenty-seven ministerial portfolios.

A few cabinet officers, at least, must enjoy their work. Papua New Guinea has a Ministry of Youth, Women, Religion, and Recreation. Many countries have cheerful-sounding cabinet posts dedicated to Youth or to Sport. Mongolia has a State Committee for Physical Culture and Sports, and Canada a Ministry of State for Fitness and Amateur Sports. Until recently France had a Ministry of Leisure and Italy a Ministry of Tourism and Public Entertainment. Morocco has a Ministry of Handicraft and Social Affairs. The Netherlands Antilles, in a par-



oxysm of good cheer, once maintained a Minister of Culture, Youth, Recreation, and Sport and Well-Being—an enviable post!

CABINET JOBS CAN be more idiosyncratic than one might expect. Justice may exist in any country, and few nations lack Interior, but you know where you are (almost) when a nation has a Ministry for the Aegean (Greece), a Ministry of Atolls Administration (Maldives), a Ministry of Maori Affairs (New Zealand), a Ministry of Pilgrimage Affairs (Saudi Arabia), or a Ministry for Irish-Speaking Affairs (Ireland). The Ministry of the Sugar Industry is surely in Cuba, and the Ministry of Jute in Bangladesh; the Ministry of Construction Jihad could only be in Iran; and the Ministry for Labor and the Ivoryization of Cadres, whatever that is, must conduct business in the Ivory Coast.

Often a nation's character and history are on display in its cabinet. Luxembourg, for example, has a Ministry of Middle Class Affairs. Vietnam has a Ministry of War Invalids. Until recently Pakistan had in its cabinet an Adviser to the President for Traditional Medicine. "Divorced" countries seem to long bureaucratically for their other halves. South Korea has a Ministry of National Unification, and West Germany a Ministry for Inner-German Relations. Other governments show concern for missing lands and peoples. Jordan has a Ministry for Occupied Territories' Affairs. Israel has a Ministry of Immigrant Absorption.

Some countries confront fate with red tape at the ready. Chad resignedly maintains a Ministry of Natural Disasters.

New Zealand, equally gloomy, has a Minister in Charge of the Earthquake and War Damage Commission. More confident, France has a Secretary of State for the Prevention of Natural and Technological Disasters.

Governments have not hesitated to call very large concepts to their ministerial service. Thus Sri Lanka has a Ministry of Power, Norway one for Culture, India a Ministry of Space, and Portugal a Ministry for Quality of Life. Then again, some nations have elevated quotidian needs to high station. New Zealand has a Minister in Charge of the Rural Bank. Sri Lanka has a Minister of Private Omnibus Transport. The Cook Islands has a Ministry in Charge of Kia Orana Foods and Agricultural Stores and a Ministry in Charge of the (one) Library and (one) Museum.

A number of countries either depend for a substantial part of their income on foreign tourists or would like to. Two fifths of all countries have ministries concerned with tourism, including such unlikely though no doubt interesting locales as Uganda, Guinea-Bissau, Chad (you know, the country with a Ministry of Natural Disasters), and Lebanon (where it is somehow not surprising to find the Druze leader Walid Jumblatt in charge).

Certain ministries remain mysterious. We have to guess at the significance of two offices in the Netherlands Antilles. One is the Ministry of Constitutional Structure of the Five-Island Antilles; the other is the Ministry of Constitutional Structure of the Six-Island Antilles. Argentina has a striking combination in the Ministry of Foreign Relations and Worship. And it is not for the outsider to fathom New Zealand's Ministry in Charge of Friendly Societies, much less Kiribati's Ministry of Line and Phoenix Groups.

There are ministries that could belong only to our times. Disraeli and Bismarck would surely puzzle over a Minister in Charge of Publicity (New Zealand). The Soviet Union has a State Committee for Cinematography and Norway a Ministry of Consumer Affairs. Ecology (Mexico), women's rights (Mauritius, France, Togo), the environment (United Kingdom, Poland), and the elderly (France) have all taken their places in twentieth-century cabinets.

Does the world have too many ministries? Brazil, for one, thinks so. It has a Ministry for Debureaucratization.

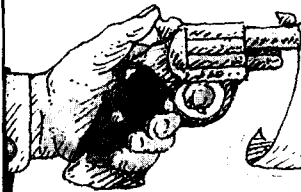
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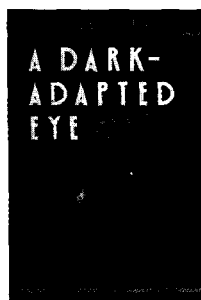
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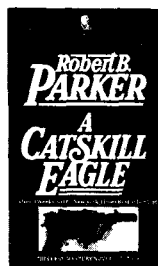
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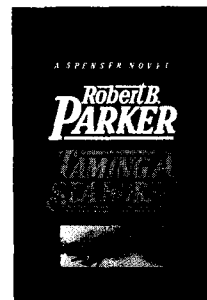
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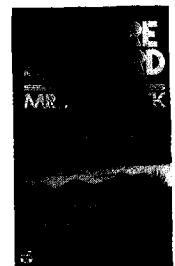
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BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.

I HEAR FROM American Express regularly, but this letter was special. It urged me to "acquire funds quickly and easily" by taking out a line of credit against the equity in my home. "Why is the American Express Equity Resource Line right for you?" the letter asked. "Because now your home can give back some of the good things you've put into it."

It had never occurred to me until then that my home owed me money.

In some ways I even feel beholden to my home. My home is larger than I am, it preceded me, it is built to last longer. I always know where to find it. My home is substantive enough to fall back on, were I truly hard pressed; but were I truly hard pressed, American Express would not be offering me money. (I live in the country. Not significantly agricultural country, but I have seen all those movies. I know what kind of trouble folks like you and me and Jessica Lange got into after lenders flooded their family farms with credit. American Express's desire to invest in my home gives me a dream: I am trying to pick my juicy garden tomatoes but can't, because my arms are pinioned by what should be life preservers but are instead thousands of dollars' worth of heavily financed and defaulted-upon tractor tires.) My home keeps me and my household warm and dry, cool and lubricated.

But not necessarily on my terms. Any given sequence of clicks, gurgles, whoofs, and silences may signify that my home's plumbing-and-heating system is operating the way it is supposed to or that it is getting ready to dissolve the very concepts of *operation*, *way*, and *supposed*. One moment I am sitting all toasty in my domain, and the next moment hot water is seeping through the walls.

Someone, a student of economics or of plumbing, I forget which, told me

once that aspiring economists study plumbing: the way pipes work is somehow a model of the way money flows. That equation is just fathomable to me, because plumbing and economics alike aren't. My home's plumbing and heating involve untold variables, from OPEC to sweated nipples to mice. To be an intellectually honest student of my home's plumbing and heating is to be as out of one's depth, projectionwise, as a perfectly candid economist. Since, I conclude from long experience, no one can live or plumb in absolute radical uncertainty, there are no intellectually honest students of my home's plumbing and heating.

I don't mean to complain. Doubtless a principle of equity applies—homes begin to resemble the people they house. I might be at a loss with predictable, sound-as-a-yen plumbing. And my plumbing today is a day at the beach compared with what I was immersed in years ago when I rented a mobile home. The bathroom was so small that I had to take a shower stooped over. One morning I got the hot water turned up too high, lost my bearings trying to adjust

the knobs, and couldn't escape until finally I burst scalded out into the living-dining area, wearing much of the shower apparatus. Another morning I awoke beside a steamy freshet. The water heater had exceeded itself in the night and caused something to burst, and I was looking from my bed into a rushing stream that traversed not only the mobile home but, I found after wading outside, the whole trailer court. It is amazing to see what a little plumbing can do. I watched the stream that sprang from my residence steadily lengthen, way on out toward the horizon. When I called my landlord, he came over and sighed.

"Every time I try to own something," he said, "it just wants to back up on me. I don't know; Misty and I lived here before we . . . the truth is, she went off with the Culligan man. I see now I didn't do a lot of the *little* things. Not realizing. But, hell, she looked down into the sink all the time. I asked her why and she wouldn't say and she wouldn't say and finally she said if I had just once in six months ever thanked her for being her. So, hell, I started to then, but she stopped me. She said she didn't feel like she was her anymore. I don't know why I hold on to this place." Tears welled up in his eyes. American Express does not confront all that may happen when homes start giving back what people put into them.

For nearly a century my home was a parsonage. When we tore out an exterior wall we found a surprisingly lurid lining of tracts and Sunday School lessons, which spoke, not cozily, of final things: poor girls frozen in the snow, rich men too preoccupied to be washed in the blood. When relieved of that wall and its literature, my home brightened. My home knows how to have a good time. Still, there is a heritage there, one that I would be



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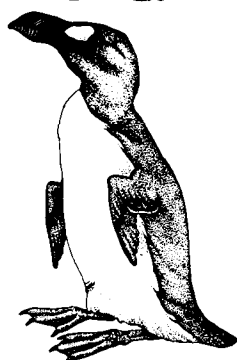
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loath to place in the hands of any more money changers than necessary.

If I were to follow American Express's advice and take a brisk creditor's stance toward my home, I know I would pay for it. Have you heard Tammy Wynette and her daughter Tina render a song called "No Charge"? Little Tina pipes up, asking to be remunerated for chores. Then Tammy weighs in: "For the nine months I carried you, growing inside me: No charge." Would you like to hear that sung to you all night by plumbing?

Granted, mine is not an eighties home. I bought it two digits ago, for just five digits down and a handily single-digit mortgage. That was before Money got hotter than Peace and Love and became the most absorbing thing in America.

Today, I realize, the sort of deal proposed by American Express is making a big splash. More and more Americans are borrowing on what is sunk into their homes to get the cash it takes to float the kind of life-styles that people who live in the kinds of homes they live in have been led to expect. According to *The New York Times*, "Americans have just begun to dent the equity in their homes built up over years of rising real estate prices. Some \$4.3 trillion of unmortgaged equity still remains to be tapped as collateral." "Tapped," is it? That attitude toward shelter is over my head.

The headline on that *Times* story, let it be noted, was "PUTTING THE HOME-STEAD DEEPER INTO HOCK." A *News-week* piece on this trend was headlined "SQUEEZING YOUR HOUSE FOR CASH." Headlines, because they fall back on idiom, have their own barometrics.

Unless you can talk your home into making the payments on one of these loans, I think it is hazardous to treat your domicile as a deep pocket. To reside, to be sure, is to be at sea. But if my home and I are going to take a plunge, we are going to take one that has dash and moral implications, and one in which my home's distinctive properties are enlisted. For example—well, if this were in fact what I contemplated doing, exactly, I wouldn't be talking about it. But picture the following headline and sub-heads:

ROGUE HOME, OWNER PLUNDER AMEX VAULT

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JETS OF HOT AND COLD WATER

Freebooter Steams Off in
Converted Parsonage

High Tech, High Trade

America's trade imbalance is becoming acute. There are no quick solutions. The trade gap can be closed only through patient, balanced efforts by industry and government.

American exporters must be more aggressive in penetrating foreign markets. More smaller companies should join major manufacturers in the export business. Big companies should redouble their efforts abroad.

U.S. industry has relied too heavily on the huge domestic market. Exports account for only eight percent of U.S. Gross National Product. This compares to 15 percent for Japan and 24 to 31 percent for Canada, France, Italy, Britain, and West Germany.

Government can spur exports by promoting free trade policies. We should work to dismantle existing trade barriers, rather than erecting new ones.

Protectionist measures by any name—trade quotas, tariffs, surcharges, or technology transfer restrictions—hinder economic growth. They undermine the complex network of financial and trading relationships linking America with the rest of the world.

The American government is pursuing discussions with the government of Japan aimed at widening access to Japanese markets. These negotiations will stimulate trade if they simplify regulations and ease restrictions inhibiting U.S. industrial and agricultural exports. While supporting these efforts, we should also encourage diligent enforcement of U.S. laws against targeting, dumping, and other unfair trade

practices in the domestic market.

We must also be alert to U.S. government policies that make it difficult for American companies to grow internationally. U.S. manufacturers are forming many joint ventures and other partnerships with foreign companies. These arrangements preserve jobs in America by enabling U.S. companies to penetrate foreign markets.

U.S. technology is vital to many of these agreements. Protectionist policies that restrict exports of technology discourage efforts to capitalize on global business opportunities.

National security considerations must always come first. But we must be certain that any technologies we withhold for exclusive American use are critical to our interests and are ours alone. It is folly to deny a friendly country technology it can get elsewhere. It makes no sense to padlock knowledge that's available from the free and open U.S. research complex.

Government policies must take into account these realities. Unnecessary restrictions on technology transfer undermine economic growth and weaken national defense. They undercut job creation. They damage relations with countries that share our economic and security interests.

Technology is the key that opens doors to foreign markets. Unrealistic restrictions on exporting and sharing technology handcuff American companies in their attempts to tap new markets abroad.





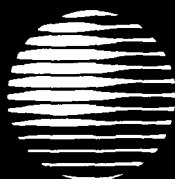
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*The flight of middle-class blacks from
ghettos has left a disastrously isolated underclass—
one formed less by welfare or a lack of jobs than by its rural-South heritage*

THE ORIGINS OF THE UNDERCLASS

BY NICHOLAS LEMANN



I. Free Fall

"Stand in the center of the black belt—at Chicago's 47th St. and South Parkway. Around you swirls a continuous eddy of faces—black, brown, olive, yellow, and white. . . . In the nearby drugstore colored clerks are bustling about. (They are seldom seen in other neighborhoods.) In most of the other stores, too, there are colored salespeople, although a white proprietor or manager usually looms in the offing. In the offices around you, colored doctors, dentists, and lawyers go about their duties. And a brown-skinned policeman saunters along swinging his club and glaring sternly at the urchins who dodge in and out among the shoppers. . . . There is continuous and colorful movement here—shoppers streaming in and out of stores; insurance agents turning in their collections at a funeral parlor; club reporters rushing into a newspaper office with their social notes; irate tenants filing complaints with the Office of Price Administration; job-seekers moving in and out of the United States Employment Office."

SO BEGINS A CHAPTER CALLED "BRONZEVILLE" IN *Black Metropolis*, by St. Clair Drake and Horace Cayton, a study of the Chicago ghetto published in 1945. It's impossible to stand at the same corner today without wondering what went wrong. There's hardly ever any bustle at Forty-seventh and King Drive (as South Parkway is now called), especially during the day. The shopping strip still exists, though as a shadow of what it obviously once was, and there are heavy metal grates on virtually every storefront that has not been abandoned. Many of the landmarks of the neighborhood—the Regal Theater, the Savoy Ballroom, the Hotel Grand, the legendary blues clubs—

are boarded up or gone entirely. The Michigan Boulevard Garden Apartments, a large complex that Drake and Cayton called "a symbol of good living on a relatively high income level," is a housing project populated by people on welfare. Prostitutes cruise Forty-seventh Street in the late afternoon. In cold weather middle-aged men stand in knots around fires built in garbage cans. Drake and Cayton's idea of the corner as the heart of a "Little Harlem," where one might glimpse Lena Horne or Joe Louis—or white people—sitting in a restaurant, seems ludicrous.

I recently spent some time in and around the black sec-

tions of Chicago: the South Side, roughly eight miles long and four wide, the single largest black neighborhood in America, of which Forty-seventh and South Parkway used to be the nerve center; and the West Side, a few miles away, a smaller and rougher area. It wasn't just at Forty-seventh and King Drive that the decline of the ghetto over two generations was striking. This is something that black people in Chicago talk about frequently, wondering why the working-poor neighborhoods where they grew up became terrible. Many others wonder the same thing, and they are weary of the standard explanations for the ghettos, which are intellectually neat but don't seem to fit the magnitude of what has gone wrong. It stands to reason that there is another answer to the terrible question of the ghettos. During my time in Chicago I became convinced that there is one.

WHEN DRAKE AND CAYTON WERE WRITING, VIRTUALLY all black Americans lived in segregated areas, though not necessarily in the urban North. By the sixties, when race relations had become a central national concern, the northern ghettos had received a large influx of migrants from the South, and they were portrayed as overcrowded, desperately poor slums stunted by racism. Today, after years of efforts to end poverty and discrimination, the ghettos are worse, much worse, than they were in the sixties. A few blocks from Forty-seventh and King Drive is a housing project called the Robert Taylor Homes, a two-mile-long row of 28 sixteen-story buildings housing more than 20,000 people. The four-block stretch of the Robert Taylor Homes between Forty-seventh and Fifty-first Streets has the distinction of being the poorest neighborhood in the United States. In the forties the strip

of land where the Robert Taylor Homes now stand was the poorest part of the traditional black belt in Chicago, but it had many fewer residents and was just the bad part of the neighborhood. Today the project dominates it physically and demographically.

The City of Chicago has defined a "community area" on the South Side that contains both Forty-seventh and King Drive and the Robert Taylor Homes, and its statistics show not just how bad off the neighborhood is but how much worse off it has recently become. In 1970 thirty-seven percent of the population of the area was below the poverty line; in 1980 the figure was 51 percent. In 1970 the unemployment rate was 9.5 percent; in 1980 it was 24.2 percent. In 1970 forty percent of the residents of the neighborhood lived in families with a female head; in 1980 the number had grown to 72 percent. In 1980 of the 54,000 residents 33,000 were on welfare. Experts agree that all of the numbers are even worse today.

For a decade after the burst of attention paid to ghettos in the 1960s there was a feeling that blacks were steadily moving up in America. The distance between black and white incomes was continually narrowing. Black education levels were rising sharply. Middle-class blacks were becoming more and more visible on television and in public places. There was a long string of black "firsts," especially and most impressively in elective politics.

In the past few years there has been a steady stream of news indicating that at the same time there was another side to the story: a way of life in the ghettos utterly different from that in the American mainstream. One statistic had a tremendous impact on the public perception of black progress: starting in the late seventies, the U.S. National Center for Health Statistics began to report that more than half of black babies were born out of wedlock, up from 17



Abandoned shops at Sixty-third Street and Ingleside, Chicago. "The ghettos have lost considerable population, and they look not just bad today but empty."



Doing business behind bars, Fifty-first Street near King Drive. "Everything that remained, even the churches, was protected by heavy steel mesh."

percent in 1950. Today the figure is thought to be 60 percent nationwide; in Chicago it is 75 percent. Urban school systems have become increasingly segregated, with a large gap in achievement levels between black and white schools. Black unemployment is nearly triple white unemployment. Black crime rates have soared—in Chicago, which is less than half black, about four times as many blacks as whites are arrested for violent crimes. The infant mortality rate, which is considered one of the basic indicators of how advanced a society is, is rising in the ghettos.

Occasionally a shocking event provides the outside world with a snapshot of ghetto life: Edmund Perry, not a directionless punk but a freshly minted graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy, dies in a scuffle with a police officer in Harlem. On the South Side of Chicago, Benjy Wilson, a high school basketball star, is gunned down on the street in broad daylight by two members of a teenage gang, one of whom is the grandson of the great blues impresario Willie Dixon. Perry and Wilson, and Wilson's murderers, were all from absent-father families; Wilson had himself just fathered a child out of wedlock. This is what life is like for the elite of the ghetto, not just the dropouts and semi-professional petty criminals.

THE WAY THAT THE TWO VERSIONS OF BLACK LIFE since the sixties fit together is through the idea of the bifurcation of black America, in which blacks are splitting into a middle class and an underclass that seems likely never to make it. The clearest line between the two groups is family structure. Black husband-wife families continue to close the gap with whites; their income is now 78 percent as high. But the income of black

female-headed families, adjusted for inflation, has been dropping. The black female-headed family represents an ever larger share of the population of poor people in America: 7.3 percent in 1959 and 19.3 percent in 1984.

Why, during a period of relative prosperity and of national commitment to black progress, has the bifurcation taken place? The question should be urgent for anyone who thinks it wrong that millions of people in the black underclass lead destroyed lives or who, because of the problems of the ghettos, has had to give up the idea of an open, democratic city life built around public education and safe streets.

There are two answers prevalent right now, both of which explain the slide in the ghettos using the shifting of economic incentives.

The conservative answer is that welfare and the whole Great Society edifice of compensatory programs for blacks do exactly the opposite of what they're supposed to: they make blacks worse off by encouraging them to become dependent on government checks and favors. Poor blacks have children out of wedlock and don't work, so that they can get money from liberal programs. This view is energetically codified in Charles Murray's 1984 book *Losing Ground*, which presents a series of charts and graphs showing poor blacks becoming poorer—and crime rising, and efforts to find work declining, and educational achievement dropping—during precisely the time of the War on Poverty.

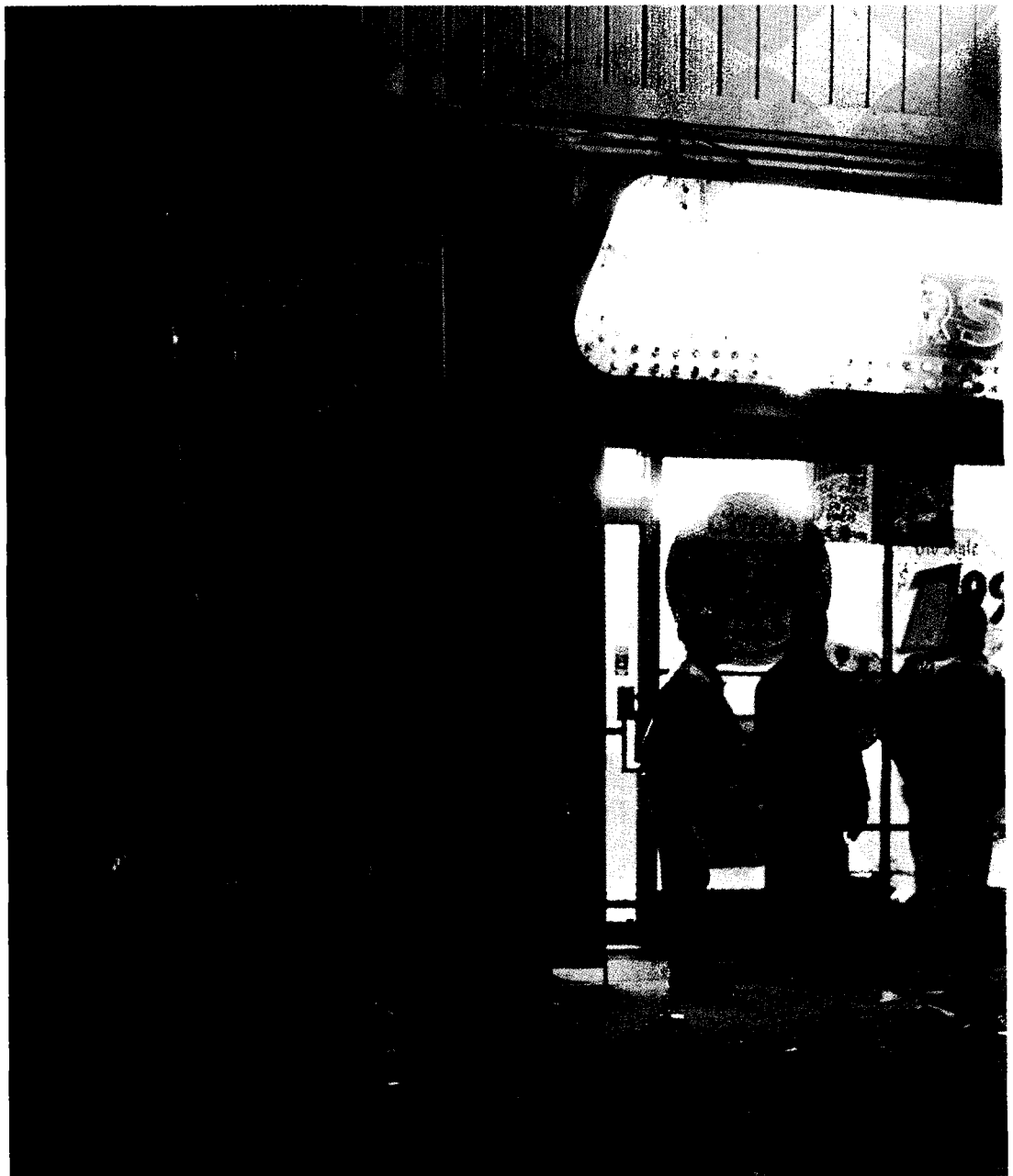
The liberal answer is built around unemployment. At the time that the ghettos began getting worse, unemployment was very low, but blacks, by then heavily concentrated in the northern industrial cities, were dependent on the one part of the economy that was falling apart—inner-city unskilled heavy labor. In Chicago the harbinger of the

change was the closing in the late fifties of the stockyards, which for half a century were the sine qua non of lower-class grunt work and a heavy employer of blacks. Chicago lost 200,000 jobs in the seventies; small shut-down red-brick factories that used to make products like boxes and ball bearings dot the city, especially the West Side. The lack of jobs, the argument continues, caused young men in the ghetto to adopt a drifting, inconstant life; to turn to crime; to engage in exaggeratedly macho behavior—acting tough, not studying, bullying women for money—as a way to get the sense of male strength that their fathers had derived from working and supporting families. As Murray believes that one simple step, ending all welfare programs, would heal the ghettos, the unemployment school believes that another simple step, jobs, would heal them. “When there’s a demand for the participation of the black

underclass in the labor force, most of the so-called problems people talk about will evaporate in a generation,” says John McKnight, an urban-research professor at Northwestern University.

Among poverty experts the debate is raging, and though it is quite abstruse (it is based almost entirely on analysis of government statistics), the stakes are large. The country seems to be gearing up for another run at the problems of the ghettos; President Reagan has commissioned a major study of welfare reform, which is a polite way of asking what we should do about the black underclass. A new generation of government solutions will probably follow—solutions that will be aimed at either dismantling the welfare state or expanding it, depending on who wins the debate, which in turn will depend on who can explain most convincingly why the ghettos have done so badly.

Saturday night at Sixty-third Street and Ellis Avenue. “For a decade after the burst of attention paid to ghettos in the 1960s there was a feeling that blacks were steadily moving up in America.”



WITH THE DISCUSSIONS OF THE ISSUE SO EXCLUSIVELY reliant on statistics. I thought that studying a ghetto at first hand would yield something new. Here, in brief, is what I found:

The black underclass did not just spring into being over the past twenty years. Every aspect of the underclass culture in the ghettos is directly traceable to roots in the South—and not the South of slavery but the South of a generation ago. In fact, there seems to be a strong correlation between underclass status in the North and a family background in the nascent underclass of the sharecropper South.

What happened to make the underclass grow so much in the seventies can best be understood by thinking less about welfare or unemployment than about demographics—specifically, two mass migrations of black Americans.

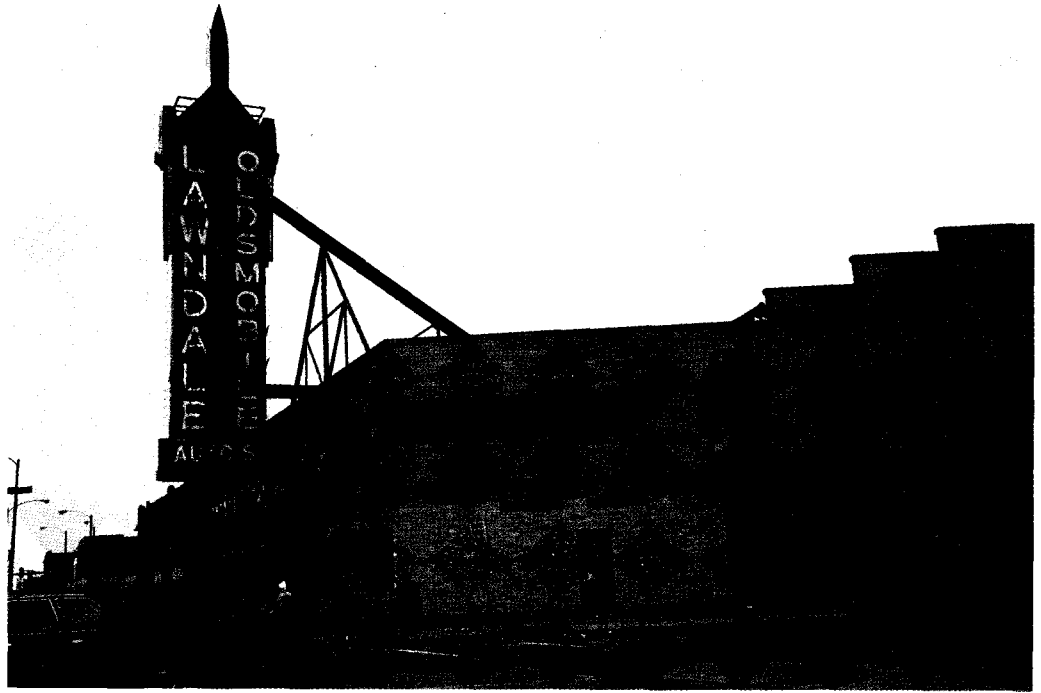
The first was from the rural South to the urban North, and numbered in the millions during the forties, fifties, and sixties, before ending in the early 1970s. This migration brought the black class system to the North virtually intact, though the underclass became more pronounced in the cities. The second migration began in the late sixties—a migration out of the ghettos by members of the black working and middle classes, who had been freed from housing discrimination by the civil-rights movement. Until then the strong leaders and institutions of the ghettos had promoted an ethic of assimilation (if not into white society, at least into a black middle class) for the underclass, which worked up to a point. Suddenly most of the leaders and institutions (except criminal ones) left, and the preaching of assimilation by both blacks and whites stopped. What followed was a kind of free fall into what sociologists call social disorganization. The result of the exodus from the ghettos is dramatic, both in the statistics and on the streets—the ghettos have lost considerable population, and they look not just bad today but also empty. As the population of the ghettos has dropped, the indices of disorganization there (crime, illegitimate births) have risen. The underclass flourished when in the seventies it was completely disengaged from the rest of society—when there were no brakes on it.

This argument is anthropological, not economic; it emphasizes the power over people's behavior that culture, as opposed to economic incentives, can have. Ascribing a society's conditions in part to the culture that prevails there seems benign when the society under discussion is England or California. But as a way of thinking about black ghettos it has become unpopular. Twenty years ago ghettos were often said to have a self-generating, destructive culture of poverty (the term has an impeccable source, the anthropologist Oscar Lewis). But then the left equated cultural discussions of the ghetto with accusing poor blacks of being in a bad situation that was of their own making; thus they would deserve no special help or sympathy from society. The left succeeded in limiting the terms of debate to purely economic ones, and today the right also discusses the ghetto in terms of economic "incentives to fail," provided by the welfare system. Both sides call apparently irrational behavior like bearing children out of wedlock and dropping out of school simply a rational response to conditions created by society.

In the ghettos, though, it appears that the distinctive culture is now the greatest barrier to progress by the black underclass, rather than either unemployment or welfare. Today the bedrock of the economic arguments of both left and right is eroding: the value of welfare benefits is declining, and the northern industrial cities are not rapidly losing jobs anymore. Still the ghettos get worse, and the power of culture seems to be the reason why. The new immigrants of the eighties (Koreans, Vietnamese, West Indians) have in many cases settled in the ghettos, and so should have experienced all of the reverse incentives, but they have quickly become successful, because they maintain a sepa-



Ogden Avenue and South Drake. "Lawndale Oldsmobile, once the biggest commercial establishment in the neighborhood, was shut down and abandoned."



rate culture. The negative power of the ghetto culture all but guarantees that any attempt to solve the problems of the underclass *in the ghettos* won't work—the culture is too strong by now. Any solution that does work, whatever it does about welfare and unemployment, will also have to get people physically away from the ghettos.

II. The Old Neighborhood

ONE DAY LAST SPRING SHARON HICKS-BARTLETT, A woman in her early thirties who is a graduate student in sociology at the University of Chicago, took me to see the place where she had grown up. The trip was an encapsulation of what has happened in the ghettos since the sixties.

We drove from the center of Chicago toward the West Side ghetto—out West Madison, the riot corridor of the mid-sixties, and then Ogden, a broad boulevard that angles off to the southwest. The neighborhood where Hicks-Bartlett grew up is called North Lawndale, and today in Chicago its name carries the same freight that "South Bronx" does nationally. The *Chicago Tribune* published a long series last year that vividly presented North Lawndale as the embodiment of a black underclass community. The 1980 census showed North Lawndale to be 97 percent black and 20 percent unemployed, with 40 percent of its families living in poverty and 61 percent headed by women. Hicks-Bartlett, who hadn't been there for fifteen years, was shocked by the way Ogden Avenue looked: Douglas Park, in her memory a sylvan playground, was empty, denuded of shrubbery, with stern curfew signs posted; Lawndale Oldsmobile, once the biggest commercial establishment in the neighborhood, was shut down and abandoned; of the three neighborhood movie theaters

a few blocks away, two were torn down and one had become a church. Everything that remained, even the churches, was protected by heavy steel mesh, and odd symbols (a six-pointed star, crossed pitchforks) were spray-painted everywhere.

North Lawndale is a perfect example of the three-step process that has made the ghettos so bad today: the migration north, which included the underclass; then the migration from the ghettos of everyone but the underclass; and finally the victory of disorganization. In 1950, when it was a white neighborhood, North Lawndale had 100,000 residents. In 1960, when it had become all black and the first migration was at its peak, it had 125,000. In 1980 the population was down to 62,000; more than half its population moved away in the seventies. The Hicks family was almost completely gone. Sharon Hicks-Bartlett now lives in Park Forest, the integrated suburb south of Chicago described in *The Organization Man*. As the population has gone down in North Lawndale, the indices of ghetto culture—poverty, crime, low educational achievement, low work effort, the percentage of female-headed families—have all increased in almost perfect reverse correlation.

In real life the bifurcation is never as neat as in the numbers. As we drove, Hicks-Bartlett told me about her own family. Her parents had lived for two years in the now infamous Cabrini-Green housing project (a black island near the affluent white near North Side) before moving to North Lawndale. Her brother Walter had once played neighborhood basketball with Mark Aguirre, the Dallas Mavericks star, but had dropped the sport and his dreams of success. A year before, he had been badly and arbitrarily beaten by a gang that set upon him while he was stopped at a red light. Another relative had married a man freshly

arrived in Chicago from the southern underclass, and she ended up on welfare for years. This relative, along with her six children and eight grandchildren (all born out of wedlock), had recently moved out of Cabrini-Green to the South Side, and had become estranged from the rest of the family. She and her family had not come to Sharon's wedding. It had gotten back to Hicks-Bartlett that her South Side relatives were making cracks about its being no surprise that she was marrying a white man, because she had been living for years as if she wanted to *be* white—studying hard, moving to the suburbs. For her part, Hicks-Bartlett had decided since becoming a mother not to visit her relatives on the South Side anymore, because children there were regularly called, as she primly put it, "M.F." It was an environment she didn't want her daughter exposed to.

We turned onto the street where Hicks-Bartlett had lived, South Drake, and pulled up to the house, number 1643. A small gasp from Hicks-Bartlett: only about two thirds of the block appeared to be occupied. The rest of the houses were either abandoned or demolished. Sixteen forty-three was a classic Chicago two-flat; 1642, across the street, a three-flat, was one-third empty; 1625, 1649, 1652, and 1655 were missing entirely. The little patch of lawn in front of Hicks-Bartlett's old house had gone bare, and the paint had faded. "That house used to *shine*," she said. Down on the corner the grocery store was barred as if against an armored division. The cross street, Sixteenth, had become the hustling, dealing, and hanging-out part of the neighborhood, with the action centering on a windowless "game room," which was several months later exposed by the *Tribune* as a drug exchange and then closed down by the city.

Hicks-Bartlett's grandparents bought 1643 South Drake in 1950, for \$13,600. They were the third black family on

their side of the block. The whites who sold them the house stayed on in the other flat as tenants for a year. When Sharon's family took over one of the flats, in 1962, the neighborhood was all black and still respectable—postmen and janitors and their families lived there. Then, as it became more and more crowded with migrants, some kind of critical mass of teenagers was achieved (in 1950 twenty percent of North Lawndale's population was between five and nineteen, and in 1970 forty percent), and the gangs began to take over. One day in the early sixties Hicks-Bartlett's uncle Marvin was standing in front of the house wearing some new clothes that, unbeknownst to him, were the colors of rivals of the gang that ran the neighborhood. A group of young men walked up to him in broad daylight and pulled a knife. His mother, watching from the porch, screamed, and they ran off, having inflicted only a flesh wound. Soon afterward Hicks-Bartlett's parents moved to an all-middle-class neighborhood on the far South Side, and over the next few years, as racial barriers fell in the housing and job markets, and the West Side began to have terrifying summertime rioting, most of their friends and neighbors left too.

Today Hicks-Bartlett's grandmother, Bertha Williams, who used to own the house at 1643 South Drake with her husband, lives in Niles, Michigan, a small, pretty town between Chicago and Detroit. Her house is out in the country a little ways, on a lane off the highway. On the day that I went to see her, she was sitting in an easy chair in her living room, which was decorated with portraits of her grandchildren dressed in either cap and gown or military uniform. There was a clock with pictures of Martin Luther King, Jr., John F. Kennedy, and Robert Kennedy on its face.

Mrs. Williams told me that all four of her grandparents



1643 South Drake, Sharon Hicks-Bartlett's childhood home. "The little patch of lawn in front of Sharon's old house had gone bare and the paint had faded. 'That house used to shine,' she said."

had been slaves on plantations in southern Louisiana and had walked to New Orleans after Emancipation. She was born in New Orleans in 1914, and her family moved to Chicago in 1922, during the first great migration of blacks from the South to the North. In those days there was no government poverty line. The family lived in much greater material want than there is in the ghetto today—it was fourteen years before they were able to afford an apartment with central heating. She married Thomas Williams, a laborer from the South with no formal education. The couple had nine children and was occasionally on relief. But for Mrs. Williams there was no hint of the despair that these experiences are supposed to engender; her values remained staunchly anchored in work, marriage, and economic progress. The story ended, as many immigrant sagas do, with her and her husband both getting safe, low-level jobs on government payrolls and staying in them for decades, until retirement.

As we were talking, a sixteen-year-old relative of Mrs. Williams's came home from school. After Mrs. Williams had finished recounting her life, he told me about his, and the sense of how much the culture of the ghetto had changed was dramatic. (This young man doesn't want his real name used, because he fears reprisals from Chicago gangs. I'll call him John.)

John had recently moved to Niles from Chicago, because his work in school was suffering under the pressure of the gangs. He had been living in Jeffrey Manor, a bor-

derline middle-class area on the far South Side. Although he was born into an economic position that it had taken Mrs. Williams thirty years in Chicago to achieve, he had had the disadvantage of not having a father, because his parents had split up before he was born.

During John's first year at Chicago Vocational High School—a vast institution that has historically had a burly, can-do reputation (Dick Butkus, the middle linebacker, went there)—members of the biggest gang in Chicago, the Disciples, befriended him and urged him to join, saying that gang life was a lot of fun. At their request he gave them the key to his locker, but he didn't join, and the urging began to turn nasty. Gang members would chase him on the way home from school and beat him in such a way that the injuries would not be noticeable. (Sports stars and some outstanding students are usually immune from this treatment.) Although the Disciples controlled Jeffrey Manor, a rival gang called the Black Cobra Stones had established a beachhead there and began recruiting John too.

During his sophomore year John joined a gang called the Valley Rocks, affiliated with the El Rukns, and began staying out of school a lot, in part because of the heavy demands of gang membership. He sketched out the big picture of Chicago gang life for me. There are two large families of gangs in Chicago: the People, whose symbol is a five-pointed star, and the Folks, whose symbol is a six-pointed star. These were what I had seen spray-painted all over North Lawndale. The head of the People, he said, is a man named Jeff Fort, and the head of the Folks is a man named Larry Hoover—both in their thirties, having emerged as leaders during the period when the adult leadership was rapidly leaving the ghetto, both now in prison. The gangs under the People include the Vice Lords, the Black Cobra Stones, and the El Rukns, as well as the Valley Rocks; under the Folks are the Disciples, the Spanish Cobras, and the Latin Jivers. The People control most of the West Side (John said it was the Vice Lords who had attacked his uncle Marvin twenty years earlier), while the Folks control most of the South Side. The People wear the bills of their caps pointed left, and cross their arms with the right arm on top, while the Folks point their caps to the right and cross their arms with the left on top. Every now and then in Chicago a teenager will be gunned down on the street for the crime of having his arms crossed right-on-top in an area that is Folks turf.

John began as a foot soldier, an entry-level position in which the main duties are stealing, selling marijuana, and fighting with other gangs. He said that he did not rob people or sell drugs, but that "as far as fighting, I used to get into it a lot." In the hierarchy, one is promoted from foot soldier to lieutenant or gunslinger, then to captain, then to chief. A chief commands about fifty foot soldiers. John's best friend, Rocky (not his real name), was a chief in Jeffrey Manor. Another friend, named Cortez, was a Valley Rocks chief at Chicago Vocational; recently the school administration had negotiated a Camp David-style peace

WATERBIRD

Part otter, part snake, part bird the bird Anhinga,
 jalousie wings, draped open, dry. When slack-
 hinged, the wind flips them shut. Her cry,
 a slatted clatter, inflates her chin-
 pouch; it's like a fish's swim-
 bladder. Anhinga's body, otter-
 furry, floats under water-
 mosses, neck a snake with white-
 rimmed blue round roving eyes. Those long feet stilt-
 paddle the only bird of the marsh that flies
 submerged. Otter-
 quick over bream that hover in water-
 shade, she feeds, finds fillets among the water-
 weeds. Her beak, ferrule of a folded black
 umbrella, with neat thrust impales her prey.
 She flaps up to dry on the crooked, look-
 dead-limb of the Gumbo Limbo, her tan-
 tipped wing fans spread, tail a shut fan dangled.

—May Swenson

treaty between him and the chief of a rival gang. Both Rocky and Cortez were two or three layers of bureaucracy removed from Hoover, the chief of the parent gang.

One day, John said, he and Rocky were on a city bus and six or seven Disciples got on and attacked him, because of a quarrel over a girl. Rocky, who takes care to dress neatly, opened his briefcase, took out a gun, and started shooting. "They left," John said. "In fact, so did the driver and everybody else on the bus." Another time, when he was standing outside a little store called the Candy Shop, right across the street from Chicago Vocational, a Disciple shot at him. He ducked into an alley and got away. Finally, when a friend of John's named Tystick was shot in the chest and back, he decided he had to get away. (In the time since we talked, both Tystick and Cortez have been killed.) Even Rocky, he said, was talking about joining the Marines as a way out—"Cause once you get in a gang, you can't get out. They want you to do something really horrendous before you get out, like kill somebody."

The gangs are the real authorities, the most powerful force, in the worst parts of the Chicago ghetto, and as such they are another example of what happened to the ghettos when they became exclusively lower-class in the late sixties and early seventies. But John's story illustrates another point, too. The underclass culture, after a decade on its own to gather force, was strong enough to begin expanding its sphere of influence outside the bad ghettos to neighborhoods a step or two up the ladder, like Jeffrey Manor. There are several signs of the expansion of the culture, including rising illegitimacy and crime rates, but the gang recruitment is the most obvious; it forces kids, through physical terror, to give up school and work, and become professional criminals.

III. Back Home

ONE OF THE LARGEST INTERNAL MIGRATIONS IN American history created the urban black ghettos. Almost all black southerners who came north arrived essentially penniless, and almost all settled initially in all-black, all-poor areas. Most of the migrants made it. The prevailing theories about why a substantial minority spectacularly did not make it cannot account for the relative success of most blacks who moved north. Answering the question of how and why some of the migrants got out of the ghettos and some did not, I thought, might be one of the keys to the mystery of the underclass. So I got to know a group of friends in Chicago who had come from one town in Mississippi—Canton, population 12,000, fifteen miles north of Jackson. Most of the group had graduated from the town's segregated black high school in 1955 (though some hadn't finished) and had moved north shortly thereafter. Their version of the origins of the underclass was new to me.

Between 1910 and 1920 the first wave of 572,000 blacks moved from the South to the North, almost always to cities. In the twenties 913,000 left; in the thirties 473,000;

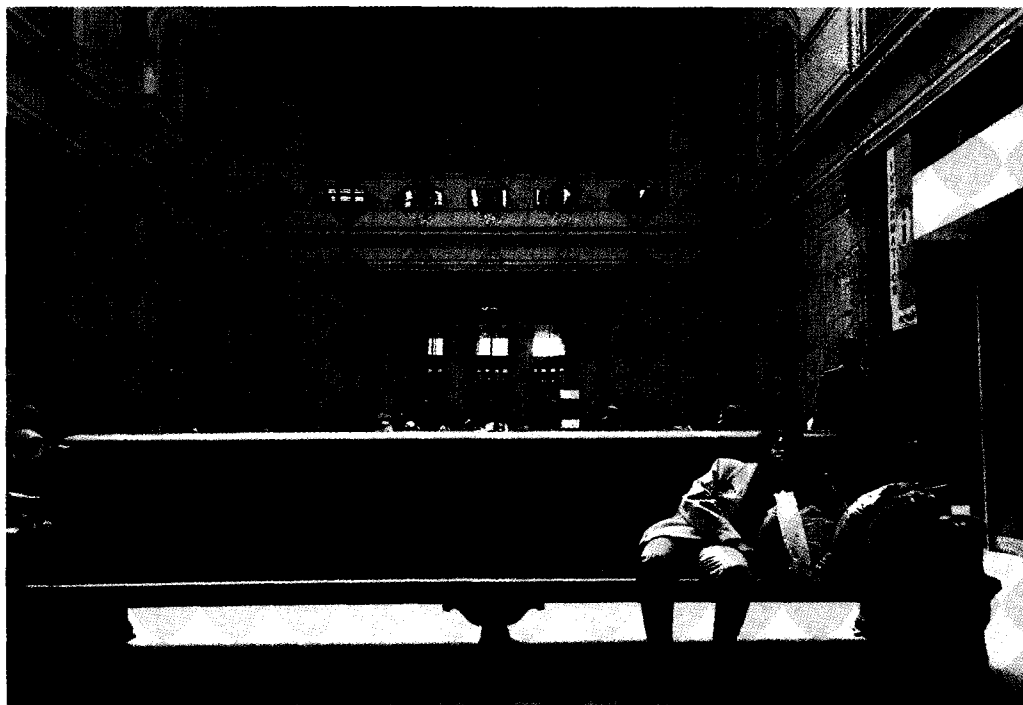
in the forties 1.7 million, 18 percent of the black population of the South; in the fifties 1.5 million; in the sixties 1.4 million. The number of blacks who moved north, about 6.5 million, is greater than the number of Italians or Irish or Jews or Poles who moved to this country during their great migrations.

Chicago had 44,000 blacks in 1910. The labor shortages created by the First World War and the immigration restrictions of the twenties, along with the depression in southern agriculture due to the boll weevil, brought the first big wave. There were 109,000 blacks in Chicago in 1920 (of whom 50,000 had come just in eighteen months during the world war) and 234,000 in 1930. Big Chicago employers, like the packinghouses, sent agents to the South to recruit black laborers; agents of the southern farmers came north to try, unsuccessfully, to persuade them to come home. (A headline from the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* read "SOUTH IS BETTER FOR NEGRO, SAY MISSISSIPPIANS/COLORED PEOPLE FOUND PROSPEROUS AND HAPPY.") Chicago's pre-eminent black newspaper, the *Defender*, was widely circulated in the South and was a constant cheerleader for migration (which it called "The Flight Out of Egypt"), assuring blacks that Chicago had better jobs and more rights, even if it was colder. As one article put it, in response to a warning made to blacks by southern whites, "To die from the bite of frost is far more glorious than at the hands of a mob."

During the Depression, because the word went out that jobs were hard to come by in Chicago, the migration slowed considerably; the black population grew by just 44,000 in the thirties. But the Second World War created a labor boom that set off a quarter century of sustained movement of southern blacks to Chicago. There were 492,000 black Chicagoans in 1950 (a 77 percent increase in one decade), 813,000 in 1960 (a further 65 percent increase), and 1.1 million in 1970. Because the migrants followed the existing train, bus, and highway routes, black Chicago was populated from the states along Highway 51 and the Illinois Central tracks—Arkansas, Louisiana, and, most important, Mississippi. In the fifties alone Mississippi lost more than a quarter of its black population. It's no wonder that the Delta blues became the Chicago blues in the late forties and early fifties; blacks still sometimes call the South Side "North Mississippi."

Although the migration ended in the early seventies—again, because jobs had become scarce in Chicago—there is still considerable movement back and forth, and the South is very much in the minds of black Chicagoans. Most of the very successful local blacks who are held up as role models are southern-born: Jesse Jackson (South Carolina), John H. Johnson, the owner of *Ebony* (Arkansas), Oprah Winfrey, the TV host who appeared in *The Color Purple* (Mississippi), Walter Payton, of the Chicago Bears (Mississippi), the Reverend Johnnie Coleman, the pastor of the biggest church in Chicago (Mississippi). It is a custom among many black Chicagoans to go to the South at least twice a year, at Christmas and in July—over the

*Union Station, Chicago.
"Black Chicago was populated from the states along Highway 51 and the Illinois Central tracks. There is still considerable movement back and forth."*



Fourth of July weekend the hotels in Jackson are booked solid with black family and high school reunions.

Black Mississippians go to Chicago too. Recently, at a student assembly of a black Catholic grade school in Canton, I asked the children how many had been to Chicago, and nearly every hand went up. Often they went for long visits with relatives in the summers. (How many want to live in Chicago when they grow up? I asked. No hands. Why not? An immediate chorus: "Too dangerous.") At one of Chicago's worst high schools—Orr, on the West Side—I asked a class how many were born in Chicago. Almost everyone was. But almost everyone's mother had been born in Mississippi. Many of the mothers of a class of eighth graders at Beethoven School, an elementary school whose students all live in the Robert Taylor Homes, were from Mississippi.

Today there are 1.2 million black Chicagoans (the increase of 100,000 since 1970 is the result not of migration but of births exceeding deaths). A reasonable estimate of the number who are in the underclass would be somewhere between 200,000, roughly the total population of all the low-income housing projects, including men who aren't official residents, and 420,000, the number of black Chicagoans on welfare. Even the highest estimate is only a third of the current black population, which does not include the approximately 230,000 blacks in Chicago suburbs.

THE EXPERIENCE IN CHICAGO OF THE MAJORITY OF blacks who migrated, then, has not been one of defeat and failure. A much more typical story would be like that of Mildred Nichols, one of the group I met from Canton. I met Nichols at a restaurant called Soul

Queen, on the far South Side, near a neighborhood called Pill Hill (black doctors live there). We talked in the bar, where the waitress who served our drinks was wearing a gold paper crown.

Nichols graduated from Cameron Street High School, in Canton, on May 28, 1955, and arrived in Chicago on June 5. She moved in with an aunt and uncle she had never met and began looking for a job. She took a test to be an order-filler at the big Montgomery Ward catalogue store but was told that she had failed. She was convinced that she had really passed and was being tricked, so she told the woman who had administered the test that she would be back in the afternoon to retake it, and back again every day until she passed. She got the job, stayed there until after the Christmas rush, and then began working as a waitress on the midnight-to-8 A.M. shift at a restaurant in the heart of the ghetto.

The themes that Mildred Nichols emphasized to me during our conversation were pride and success. Today she works in the office at a nursing home called Bethune Plaza, also in the heart of the ghetto. She has been with the same company for ten years. Of her five siblings, all younger, a sister has a master's degree and teaches school, one brother is an attorney in Jackson, married to a nurse, the next brother is a businessman in Canton, the next is a graduate of Northwestern Law School, and the youngest sister is a pharmacist.

I asked her what their secret was. She said, "It might have been that we had a two-parent family. My father had a fourth-grade education, and my mother had eighth grade—we were middle-class. We lived in town. My father taught us that you have to be a strong person to survive. Willpower! Nothing, nobody is better than you. Nobody. Welfare? No! Jesus! No! Because I simply could not

be bought. Never! Never! Catholic schools for my kids. No truancy. I told them, 'Give me two years of college. You must!' My son has no police record. My daughter didn't have her first child till she was twenty-five. I never did domestic work, darling. Never! I've always had office jobs."

What about the people who had failed in Chicago? What was the difference? "They had low self-esteem. They didn't have the drive you need in Chicago. You see, this city is *Jaws*—One, Two, Three, and Four. They didn't want to!"

In Mildred Nichols's view, the people on welfare were primarily children of sharecroppers from what southern blacks call "the rural"—the farming areas outside of town. "The persons who aren't able to deal with this society," she said, "are the ones from the deep-rural part of the South that had to drop out of school to pick cotton. They had no one to teach them. They still live that life-style of the rural South up here. The other day I went in the grocery store across the street from Robert Taylor Homes, and I went completely ape. I went stone bats! They had those Little Debbie gingerbread cookies in two-packs. They had the little packets of Argo starch—people in the country like to chew it, especially pregnant women, and in the country they stay pregnant."

What was striking about this answer was how foreign Nichols found the commonly held idea that a poor black underclass has emerged over the past twenty years, starting with the flowering of the Great Society programs. The main characteristics of the underclass—poverty, crime, poor education, dependency, and teenage out-of-wedlock childbearing—were nothing new to her. She and her friends, and white people in Canton, too, had seen them all their lives.

CANTON WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1834, AS THE TRADING center and seat of government for Madison County, Mississippi. It seems warranted to say that slavery was the town's central and defining institution. From the beginning blacks outnumbered whites by three to one (the ratio did not drop significantly until after the Second World War), and the whites' economic status and comfort and safety depended on keeping the blacks subjugated.

To what degree slavery hurt the black family is the subject of a lengthy and complicated debate among historians. In Madison County what evidence there is supports the view that slavery had a destructive effect on family coherence. A small oral-history project carried out in the 1930s includes reminiscences by two former slaves, both of whom, when they were children, saw their parents separated through sale. One of them said that there were no marriage ceremonies for slaves in Madison County, and that pairings were often arranged by the masters.

Through the mid-twentieth century Madison County was settled into a system of segregation and sharecropping. I found no real disagreement between blacks and whites about the particulars: All but a handful of blacks, fewer than a hundred, were denied the right to vote, by means of a poll tax and a "literacy test," in which the registrar of voters would pick at random a section of the Mississippi constitution and ask black would-be voters to read it aloud and then deliver an interpretation. There were separate black and white schools in Canton, and in the countryside blacks went to one-room schoolhouses with no new books, heat, electricity, or running water. In April and May, and then again in September and October, many blacks, especially in the country, had to leave school to work in the cotton fields, so even a decent junior high school education was a great rarity among rural blacks.



Sharecropper's cabin outside Canton, Mississippi. "The sharecropper could never come out ahead. The result, fully intended, was an ethic of dependency."

Blacks were expected to address whites as “sir” and “mister,” as in “Yassuh, Mister Charlie.” Whites addressed blacks by their first names. This was serious business: one black woman in Canton told me that when she was a girl, in the forties, a man who was home visiting from the North was shot dead on a sidewalk by a policeman for acting, the woman said, “uppity.” Another told me about a black grocery-store clerk in the fifties who was seen flirting with a white female customer; he was castrated by white vigilantes and put on a train out of town.

In the country some blacks owned small farms but most were employees or, more likely, tenants. They would live on big farms in unpainted two- and three-room wooden shacks, with no plumbing or heat. Families were big, in part because the more hands there were to go out in the fields the more money the family would make. The sharecropper kept anywhere from half to four fifths of the proceeds from his cash crops, which he received from the landowner in a settling-up at the end of the year. The sharecropper could never come out ahead. He had to borrow from the white man he worked for all year long, in order to feed his family and buy his implements, feed, and fertilizer. In bad years he would still be behind after the settling-up, sometimes so far behind that he would have to leave in a hurry; in good years, after all the deductions had been made, he would somehow be only a few dollars ahead. The result, fully intended, was an ethic of dependency. Sharecroppers had no money and practically no education, and they counted on the landowner to provide for them—which he did, meagerly. On Saturday afternoon the sharecroppers would travel into town on foot or by mule, on Sunday they’d go to church, and on Monday they’d be back in the fields.

In town there was a more complicated black society, consisting of a light-skinned elite of doctors, lawyers, and educators, a dark-skinned elite of ministers and businessmen, a skilled-artisan class (carpenters, truck drivers, railroad porters), a janitor-and-servant class, and a lower class, in which life was meager and chaotic, and bourgeois proprieties such as the marriage ceremony were little observed. This last group lived on the west side of the Illinois Central railroad tracks, often in tiny shacks. Quite often there would be no father in the home; he might be off working, or looking for work somewhere else, or he might have just drifted away. The black women in Canton could always work in white people’s homes, but there was very little reliable, steady, decent-paying work for men. A small subculture developed based on hustling—prostitution, bootlegging, drugs, petty thievery. This was not regarded with great hostility by other blacks or by whites, who had a casual attitude about crime in the black part of town and sometimes came to the black neighborhoods for illicit pleasures. A white man from an old Canton family showed me a novel he had found in his attic, written by a relative, apparently in the twenties or thirties; one of the characters is a sharp-dressing, sweet-talking young black man who lives off women.



The idea that black Cantonians began moving to Chicago in droves during the Second World War in order to escape segregation is appealing but not really true. They moved to escape poverty, and in most cases the dignity of making a decent living was far more gratifying at first than the dignity of having equal rights under the law. There is nothing comparable in American life today to the amount of financial gain southern blacks could realize instantly by moving less than a thousand miles away, to another part of the same country, and getting the kind of unskilled jobs—laborer, sales clerk—that were unavailable to them in Canton. David Brown, raised in the country outside Canton, left in 1951. He was working in a gas station for \$25 a week. His first week’s paycheck at his job in a laundry in Chicago, working around the clock, was \$200—at the time a large sum by any standards. His brother Eddie, who

*The other side of the tracks:
Canton's west side.
"The migration to the north
transferred the black societies
of Canton and a hundred
towns like it to Chicago."*

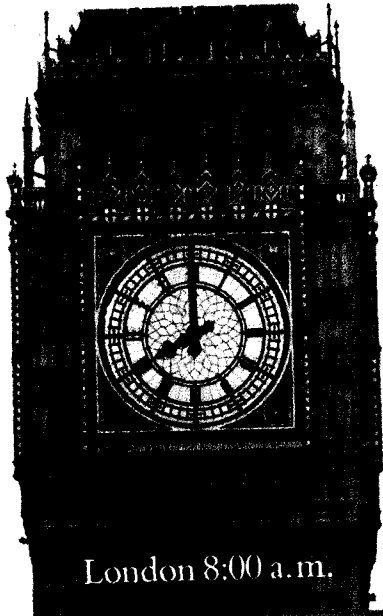


moved in 1961, was supporting a pregnant wife and six children on \$86 a week take-home pay from a factory job in Canton. His first check in Chicago, at a small factory, was \$178. Oresa Brown, no relation but also raised in the country outside Canton, was making cabinets in Memphis for \$80 a week. He learned that a white co-worker was making \$100 for the same job, drove up to Chicago on Labor Day in 1962, and found a cabinet-making job the next day that paid \$300 a week. "The only recruiting from Chicago then was by family members who'd bring back a paycheck and show it around," says Robert Chinn, who stayed in Canton but estimates that 80 percent of his class (1958) at Cameron Street High School left.

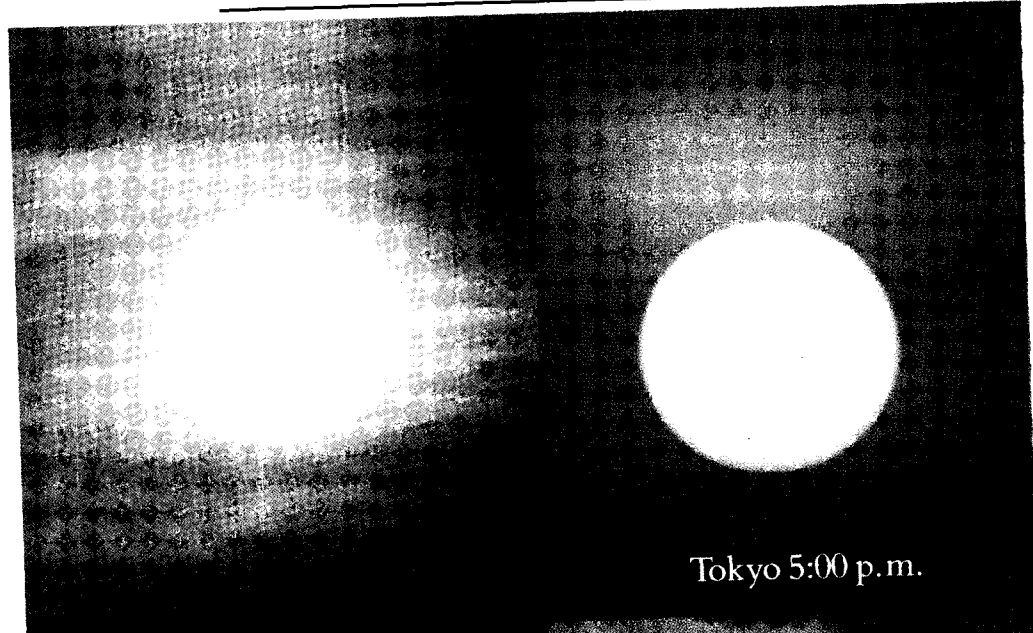
It is part of white folklore that many blacks moved to Chicago just to get on welfare, which pays more than double in Illinois what it does in Mississippi, but this is impos-

sible to substantiate. Though everybody knows that welfare can be a trap, its tidal pull toward dependency is much stronger on people already on the rolls than on those who are working and considering their options. The extremely active Mississippi-Chicago grapevine concerns itself mostly with jobs. The gross migration figures correspond closely to the availability of jobs for blacks: the first surge during the First World War, the big dip during the Depression, and a halt in the early seventies, when the unskilled blue-collar job market was opening up in the South and closing down in the North. In the seventies, when welfare payments in Illinois were more than quadruple those in Mississippi, there was little migration at all. The handful of studies of black migrants portrays them as a typical immigrant group in that they are, on average, more motivated and better educated than the people who stayed home.

The sun never sets



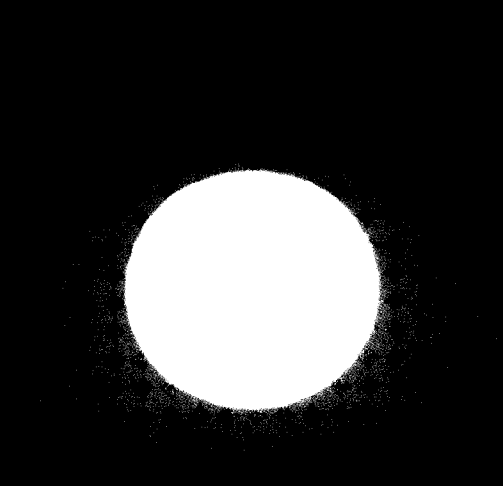
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Tokyo 5:00 p.m.



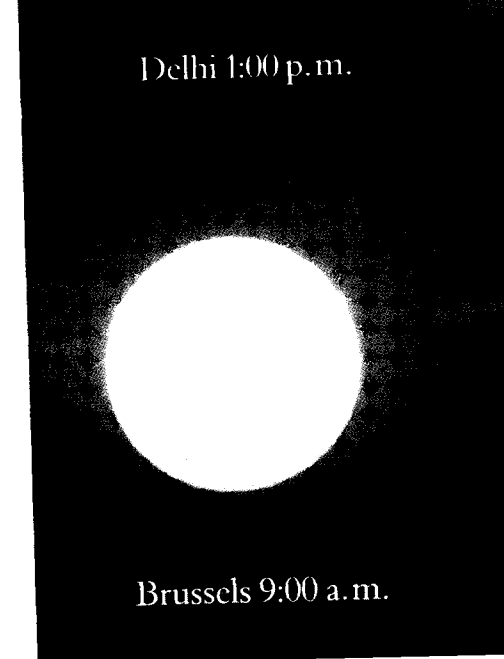
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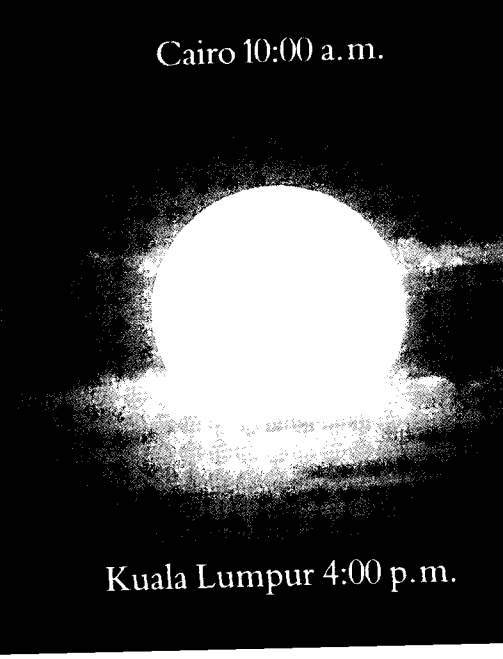
Cairo 10:00 a.m.



Rio de Janeiro 5:00 a.m.



Brussels 9:00 a.m.



Kuala Lumpur 4:00 p.m.

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Helsinki 10:00 a.m.

Nairobi 11:00 a.m.

Paris 9:00 a.m.

Barcelona 9:00 a.m.

Singapore 4:00 p.m.

Copenhagen 9:00 a.m.

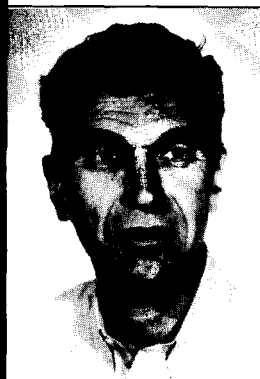
Muscat 12 noon

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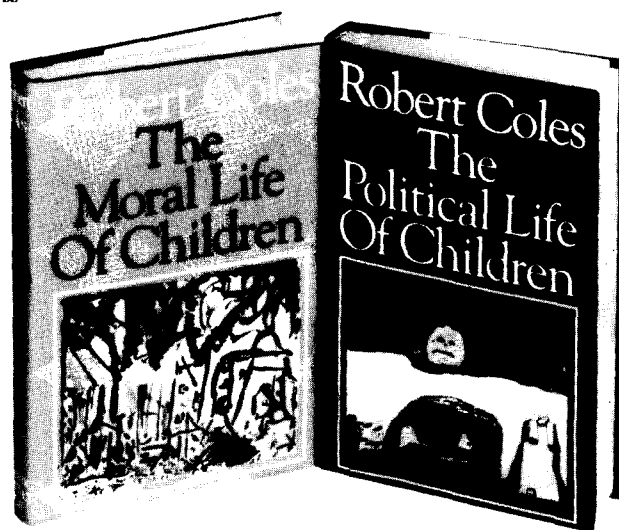
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—*Washington Post Book World* (Front Page Review)

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They also do better, after a few years, than blacks born in the North. Whites born in the North do better than whites who moved there from the South, so it is curious that northern-born blacks should do worse; the difference must be a testament to the destructive effects of the northern ghettos on people raised there. The one group of black migrants who in 1970, at the end of the great migration, had an above-average rate of welfare dependency consisted of those who had been in the North for less than five years and who were in female-headed families.

At the time of the migration to the North the sharecroppers in Mississippi were moving off the land, because they were being replaced in the fields by machines. Heavy tractors and cotton-picking machines became common equipment on farms in the fifties; by 1960 what was once the work of fifty field hands could be done by only three or four. Typically, the sharecroppers were simply dismissed; white farmers in Canton who had dozens of people living on their property have no idea where they are today. Deserted sharecropper cabins are a common sight in the country outside Canton, spectral presences falling down at the edges of open fields, some of them in rows, some half a mile from the nearest building or road. A few are still occupied, mostly by old people who sometimes still dress in homespun and use wood fires to warm themselves and cook.

The sharecroppers moved to town—to Canton or Jackson or even Chicago—since there was no place else for them to go. It is impossible to produce statistics to prove it, but the common opinion among both blacks and whites is that many of them ended up on welfare, living in public housing (Canton has housing projects now). The similarities between sharecropping and welfare are eerie: dependency on “the man”; more money for having more children; little value placed on education; no home ownership; an informal attitude toward marriage and childbearing. I met several Cantonians who had done well and whose parents had been sharecroppers, but in every case they came from a two-parent family and at some time during their childhood their parents had scraped together enough money to buy a farm of their own and stop sharecropping. In contrast, everybody I met in the Robert Taylor Homes who was a migrant from the South had been in a sharecropper family right up to the move to Chicago. Others in the Chicago underclass have their roots in the southern small-town black lower class. For example, one member of the Cameron Street High School class of 1955 who ended up in the underclass (she lives in North Lawndale, right across the street from the house where Sharon Hicks-Bartlett grew up) came from a one-parent family in Canton and dropped out of high school in the eleventh grade. She doesn’t keep in touch with her classmates, didn’t come to their thirtieth reunion last summer, and, when they call her, either doesn’t call back or says she’s too busy to talk. (It is typical for migrants to Chicago who have not been successful to become more and more isolated from family, friends, and people with jobs.)

Mildred Nichols told me, “Most people on welfare here, they were on welfare there, in a sense, because they were sharecroppers. There they were working hard for nothing, now they’re not working for nothing. They have been mentally programmed that Mister Charlie’s going to take care of them.”

A white farmer I spent some time with in Canton agreed. He said, “We all quit the sharecroppers and went to tractors. The government takes care of all these niggers now. They live in the housing project in town. They get stamps and welfare. They’re living better than they ever lived in their lives.” This man didn’t want me to use his name, because he had trouble in the sixties with the federal government over shorting his sharecroppers at settling-up time and doesn’t want more trouble now. On that condition he agreed to show me around the countryside just outside of Canton so that I could see what the old system was like. He is in his eighties, has a tenth-grade education, and drives an aged blue pickup truck. I met him outside a place called Jimbo’s Cafe and got in the cab, and we took off.

After a while we turned off the highway and bumped down a dirt road to some land he owned. He pointed out where the sharecroppers’ houses had been—for example, to a pile of rotted wood. “Here’s a house. Just a nigger house. Four rooms, eight, nine people. No running water. A well, an outside toilet, no heat. I had twelve, thirteen, fourteen families out here. They got half the crop, and I charged ’em ten cents on the dollar for their money. See, I’d pay ’em on the basis of—I’d go and ask him how many kids he had out in the field. Because they had to hoe. I’d let them have about twenty up to sixty dollars a month. But they’d always want more money! They were a different class of people! You’d pay ’em Friday night and it’d be gone Monday morning.”

He went on: “I had these niggers working on shares. At the end of the year they didn’t have much left. They’d never go to school. He’d tell me how many he’d have in the field and that’s how many I’d look for. They’d go out in the field when they were ten or twelve, as soon as they were big enough to pull a hoe. If they wouldn’t put the kids in the field, why, then we’d whup ’em. Then they wouldn’t give us any more trouble. We’d tie ’em up and whup ’em with a plow line.”

The farmer had one sharecropper left. He was sixty-six years old and suffering from lung disease. We drove out to another pasture to pick him up, because the farmer wanted me to talk to him. On the way out, he spoke of him fondly: “I done worked that nigger! I worked him from goddamn sunup to sunset and then at four in the morning I’d get him up again. See, the white folk controlled everything then. They’d see that they didn’t have no money for no school or teachers or nothing.”

The sharecropper, white-haired, gnarled, and leather-skinned, addressed the farmer and me as “sir.” He said he had been born in the country, one of seventeen children. He hadn’t had any school at all. He had eight children of

*Three who remained behind.
"A white farmer said, 'They're
living better than they ever
lived in their lives.'"*



his own, two in Canton and six in Champaign, Illinois. His wife had gone to St. Louis.

It is not just a way of living that grew in the northern ghettos from seeds planted in the South but also a way of thinking. In the Chicago ghetto poor blacks use the verb *stay* instead of *live*, as in "I stay at Robert Taylor Homes." Besides implying an inconstant life, this comes from a perfectly sensible sharecroppers' locution: "I stay at the Smiths' place." Another northern ghetto term that comes from southern town life is *getting over*, which is less translatable but means, roughly, doing what is necessary to survive and, if possible, succeed. While it does not cover violence, it would apply to hustling as well as to more-legitimate pursuits. It comes from the idea of crossing the Jordan River to get to the Promised Land. Though the ghetto expression equivalent is not as sweet, *getting over* carries a positive connotation.

At the thirtieth reunion of the Cameron Street High School class of 1955, everyone greeted with pure affection a man who had been raised by a widowed mother and dropped out of school before high school. Today he is a pimp in Jackson. At the reunion he was wearing leather cowboy boots, a three-piece silk suit with a shirt open at the neck, and a great deal of jewelry (gold chains with bejeweled pendants, enormous gold rings sprinkled with diamonds), and he provided an expensive sound system and a disc jockey.

THE CIVIL-RIGHTS MOVEMENT IN CANTON GOT UNDER way in 1963, when three organizers from the New Orleans office of the Congress of Racial Equality came to town and started a voter-registration drive, the highlight of which was a peaceful demonstration

of more than a hundred blacks who showed up at the county courthouse on a Saturday to try to register. In 1964 northern college students descended on Canton for Freedom Summer. Blacks began boycotting the businesses that line the courthouse square, which wouldn't hire black clerks. Blacks played in the white park and swam in the white pool. A black woman from Canton, Annie Devine, went to the Democratic Convention, in Atlantic City, as part of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party Delegation. In 1966 Martin Luther King, Jr., came to town on his march through Mississippi with James Meredith; he spoke in the gymnasium of the Holy Child Jesus parochial school. White vigilantes burned down two black country churches where civil-rights meetings had been held, and planted a bomb in another black church, in town, which was discovered before it exploded. Twice at the movement's unofficial headquarters, a place in the black neighborhood known as Freedom House, shots were exchanged between people inside and whites in passing cars.

Today in Canton, there are black elected officials, black firemen, and black policemen—but only a few. Blacks hold a majority in the number of registered voters, though not a large one. The school system is officially integrated but almost all black; integration of the high schools was achieved by shutting down the white one and changing the name of the black school to Canton Public High School. Most whites go to a private school called Canton Academy, founded in 1965. All the streets in the black part of Canton are paved now, and just west of town is a new all-black neighborhood of suburban-style brick bungalows. But there are still houses in the black part of town, particularly in one city block of rental properties, that have two rooms, and outhouses instead of indoor toilets, and cracks you can see through in their clapboard walls.

IV. Leaving the Ghetto

THE MIGRATION TO THE NORTH TRANSFERRED THE black societies of Canton and a hundred towns like it, with all their complexities and problems, to Chicago. After that several factors combined to turn the small underclass that came up from the South into the large and separate culture that it is today. In the city—away from the family, religious, and social structure of small-town life back home—all the migrants experienced a loosening of the constraints on their behavior (a process that should be familiar to readers not only of black writers like Richard Wright and Malcolm X but also of Balzac and Dreiser). This was made more pronounced because blacks who moved to Chicago from the South were funneled into a ghetto that was strikingly crowded, walled off from the rest of society, and different from what its residents had known before. The greater prosperity of blacks in the North, however, meant that there was a strong leadership in the ghettos working to counteract the forces of social entropy. But then the working black population made its rapid exodus from the ghettos, leaving the underclass disastrously cut off from the rest of the world.

Nearly all the blacks who moved went through some kind of change in their way of life from what they had known in the South—even among the determinedly ambitious members of the Cameron Street High School class of 1955 who moved north, there were several cases of childbirth out of wedlock. Sometimes these led to marriage and sometimes they didn't; usually there was a complicated shuttling of parents and children back and forth from Canton, which offered more of a support system. But in none of these cases was having children out of wedlock related to either of its supposed prime causes, welfare or unem-

ployment. The people involved never went on welfare, and they were not unemployed. It had to do instead with moving to the big city. Chicago's black elite observed the formalities of marriage, but many new arrivals did not, even if they came from a family back home in which illegitimacy had never occurred. "When my parents put me in the car to Chicago," says one Cantonian, "they were upset because they thought it was Sin City. And it was Sin City. It still is. I didn't get pregnant on purpose. I don't think anybody ever got pregnant on purpose. But now I'm glad, because my kids are grown up and I'm still young."

The black illegitimacy rate has risen dramatically over the past twenty years, but the problem did not begin with the Great Society programs. Every first-hand observer of black society in this country has mentioned it in connection with both rural and ghetto life. E. Franklin Frazier, in his classic work *The Negro Family in the United States* (1939), attributed most black out-of-wedlock childbirths to southern migrants just arrived in the North. Sometimes, he said, migrants became pregnant because of "the absence of family traditions and community controls," and sometimes it was simply "the persistence in the urban environment of folkways"—namely, the lack of a legal marriage ceremony—"that were relatively harmless in the rural community." He cited a variety of statistics for urban black illegitimacy at the time, ranging as high as 30 percent of births, and he said that in the years just after Emancipation, when there was a more literal loosening of traditional bonds, the rate was probably higher.

W. E. B. Du Bois, in *The Philadelphia Negro* (1899), mentioned far-above-average rates of illegitimacy in the poor black neighborhoods of Philadelphia in the late 1890s. Gunnar Myrdal's *An American Dilemma* (1944), using 1936 figures, cited a rate of 16 percent for all nonwhites, rising



David and Eddie Brown, raised near Canton, outside their shop on South Ashland Avenue, Chicago. "The gross migration figures correspond closely to the availability of jobs for blacks."

After school at the Robert Taylor Homes. "The four-block stretch between Forty-seventh and Fifty-first Streets has the distinction of being the poorest neighborhood in the United States."



to 21 percent in the big cities of the South, where presumably the recent migrants from the country would then have been most concentrated and freest of social strictures. The nonwhite illegitimacy rate was eight times the white rate nationally, and more than sixteen times the rate among white first- and second-generation immigrants. Drake and Cayton, in *Black Metropolis*, said that the black lower class in Chicago in the forties "not only tolerates illegitimacy, but actually seems almost indifferent toward it." Daniel Patrick Moynihan's 1965 report, "The Negro Family," put the 1963 rate at 23.6 percent nationally and as high as 49 percent in some parts of Harlem. I suspect that all these rates are skewed to the low side, because of the practice, common through the mid-sixties, of black women in the rural South and northern ghettos saying they were married when they were really just living with someone.

I mention these figures in order to dispute the notion that either welfare or unemployment is the overarching reason for the explosion in the black illegitimacy rate. Drake and Cayton said that in Chicago during the Depression almost *half* the black families were on welfare (admittedly, a less generous system than today's) or were supported by government work programs, but the national black illegitimacy rate hardly rose. During the Reagan years, as the welfare rolls have shrunk, the illegitimacy rate has gone up. Today, in fact, many more black women have children out of wedlock than go on welfare. As for black unemployment, whereas there is some statistical match between it and illegitimacy, the match is far from perfect. The Moynihan report, after factoring out blacks in the South, concluded that black unemployment rates had been double the white rates continuously since the early thirties, but

IN CHICAGO AND OTHER NORTHERN CITIES THERE WAS A direct link between the magnitude of the black migration from the South and the degree of residential segregation imposed by whites. In 1898 only 11 percent of black Chicagoans lived in neighborhoods more than 75 percent black. In 1900 thirty-three of Chicago's thirty-five wards were at least 0.5 percent black. As soon as the flow of migrants became significant, though, white hostility toward blacks surged, growing partly from pure prejudice, partly from fear of the importation of the social ills created by Jim Crow, partly from intense competition in the labor market. It is a pattern of long standing, reminiscent even of Canton in the mid-nineteenth century: a primal white antipathy toward the black masses, which always leads to the creation of iron restrictions on where blacks can live and work. In the summer of 1919, just as Chicago was absorbing the first big concentrated wave of southern migrants, white gangs started a riot at a Lake Michigan beach when a black swimmer ventured into a de facto white stretch of water. Violence, by both blacks and whites, spread through much of the South Side, lasted a week, and left thirty-eight people dead and 537 injured.

In the late forties, with southern blacks again pouring into the city and racial tensions rising (there were riots when black veterans tried to move into temporary housing in white neighborhoods), Chicago, like many cities, began building many public-housing projects. At the time, integrated public housing was one of the great liberal causes, and it was also a constant, long-standing political demand of blacks. In the liberal dream, housing projects would be filled by a racially integrated, clean-living, well-educated working class. Ward politicians with white constituents to keep happy were adamantly opposed to integration, though, and in 1949 the state legislature passed a law that boxed out the liberals by requiring that the Chicago City Council approve all public-housing sites. This virtually ensured that projects would be segregated. In 1950 Robert Taylor, the black chairman of the Chicago Housing Authority, resigned in frustration at his inability to get the sites he wanted past the council. In 1953 there were protracted riots when one black family moved into a white housing project. In 1954 Elizabeth Wood, a Jane Addams-style reformer who was the CHA's director and longtime guiding spirit, and a great believer in integration, was forced out. From 1957 to 1968 the CHA built 15,591 housing units—almost all in high-rise buildings, almost all with black tenants, almost all in existing black ghettos. The private housing market was, by unwritten law, strictly segregated in most places. By 1970 Chicago was the most residentially segregated city in America.

But because the segregation was by race, the ghetto was fairly well integrated by class. It was a community, with leaders and institutions—poor, with unusual difficulties, but a community nonetheless. From the First World War through the mid-sixties the black leadership regarded the high crime and low marriage rates of the black lower class as problems it had to solve, sometimes with a sigh (the



the illegitimacy rate had not taken off until the 1950s.

The point is not to deny that either welfare or unemployment is a factor in rising illegitimacy—both plainly are. But there is a third factor: the rapid urbanization of most blacks, followed by the isolation of the black lower class in the cities. High illegitimacy has always been much more closely identified with blacks than with all poor people or all unemployed people or all immigrants. It is a peculiarity of black culture, and within that, of the black lower class, and within that, of isolation; Frazier found the loosest attitude toward marriage in turpentine camps, where lower-class black migrant workers lived in rows of cabins deep in the southern forests. If, from the late sixties through the early eighties, the black urban lower class became significantly more isolated than it ever had been before, wouldn't that help explain what happened?

white folks on the Gold Coast weren't held responsible for the rough-and-tumble of poor-white Chicago). It would, in sociologists' language, help the lower class to acculturate. For years the Chicago *Defender* published what a city commission called "instructions on dress and conduct [that] had great influence in smoothing down improprieties of manner which were likely to provoke criticism and intolerance in the city." The big South Side churches all had memberships across the black economic spectrum, in contrast to the segregation by class that prevailed in white Protestant churches. The Urban League was founded with the purpose of teaching lower-class southern migrants the ways of city life. Drake and Cayton, commenting on a slogan made popular by the *Defender*, wrote, "When upper-class and middle-class people speak of 'advancing The Race,' what they really mean is creating conditions under which lower-class traits will eventually disappear and something approaching the middle-class way of life will prevail in Bronzeville." The black middle class knew that the black lower class would constantly be held up as the reason that all blacks had to be kept in certain neighborhoods and certain jobs; this was a grievous wrong, which had the side effect of giving the black middle class a strong vested interest in the uplift of the black lower class. Then the grievous wrong was righted.

IN JANUARY OF 1966 MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., MOVED into an apartment in North Lawndale and announced that he and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference would be focusing their energies on Chicago for a while. He called his Chicago project the "End Slums Campaign" and said it would be aimed at improving the conditions in overcrowded, poorly maintained inner-city black

neighborhoods. During his time in Chicago his campaign underwent a crucial shift, though it may not have seemed that way then. John A. McDermott, at the time a young Catholic activist working in the civil-rights movement and later the publisher of a distinguished Chicago newsletter on race relations, says, "King would try one issue after another to see what would get a response. 'End Slums' did not generate a tremendous amount of popular support. It was not a simple good-versus-evil issue. This was not Montgomery, Alabama. There were no overt racist laws or institutions. The problem of racism was more subtle. It was not clear it was a conspiracy. Some of the slumlords were black."

"Then a group tried the issue of open housing. We held demonstrations in white neighborhoods that wouldn't let blacks in. The white reaction was one of panic and outrage. It was on the nightly news, and suddenly people saw that a) the laws were not being enforced, and b) white people were full of hate and anger. People suddenly woke up and literally poured into the movement."

With the last great wave of southern migrants just arrived, North Lawndale was frustrated, tense, and swollen—in 1960 its population was 25 percent higher than it had been ten years earlier, when North Lawndale was a white neighborhood, and nearly half the population was under twenty years old, compared with less than 30 percent in 1950. Gangs were starting to become a severe problem. In July of 1966 there was rioting on the West Side that required 1,500 National Guardsmen to restore order. The working, married, better-established part of the population desperately wanted to get out of the neighborhood. On August 5 King led an open-housing demonstration in Marquette Park, then an all-white neighborhood, on the Southwest Side. The protection of more than 1,200 police-

Forty-third Street near King Drive. "In the ghettos, it appears that the distinctive culture is now the greatest barrier to progress by the black underclass."





Images of Martin Luther King in a window at Forty-seventh and Prairie. "During his time in Chicago his campaign underwent a crucial shift."

men did not stop his being hit in the head by a rock thrown by whites from the neighborhood. A knife thrown at him hit someone else. The demonstrators had to be evacuated in buses. On August 26 Mayor Richard Daley, under intense pressure from his white precinct captains to stop the demonstrations, finally sat down with King at the negotiating table. The result was a "summit agreement" devoted almost exclusively to the fair-housing issue rather than to ending slums.

What happened in Chicago is an especially dramatic version of what happened all over the country: just as the number of new, poor, migrant blacks in the cities reached its all-time peak, the country decided to mount a real attack on segregation in housing and employment, and otherwise to help those blacks capable of moving closer to the mainstream of American society to do so. The result is evident in the census data, as we have already seen: there has been another major migration of blacks over the past twenty years, out of the ghettos. Even more pronounced than the social and economic deterioration of the ghettos between 1970 and 1980 is their depopulation. North Lawndale was already losing population in the late sixties, and in the seventies more than half its black population moved away. The tenement house where King lived is a vacant lot now. In the same decade the area around Forty-seventh and South Parkway, the old vibrant heart of the South Side ghetto, lost 38 percent of its black population. The Robert Taylor Homes, whose extremely low rents and solid construction for years attracted long waiting lists, are now 20 percent vacant. All the ghetto schools, the overcrowding of which in the sixties was supposed to be a major cause of low achievement levels, have lost enrollment. This isn't happening just in Chicago. The South Bronx lost 37 percent of its population between 1970 and

1980. More than 100,000 black Chicagoans moved to the suburbs in the seventies; 224,000 blacks moved from Washington, D.C., to its suburbs, 124,000 from Atlanta to its suburbs. These are unusually high numbers for neighborhood population loss, and the comparable numbers today would be even higher.

There's no mystery to why so many people left the ghettos. They wanted to feel safe on the streets, to send their children to better schools, and to live in more pleasant surroundings; in particular, riots drove many people away. Probably everyone who could leave did. Many businesses and churches (except for tiny "storefront" churches, which often are unaffiliated with any organized religion) left with them. What was unusual about the migration of the black working population out of the ghettos, compared with that of other immigrant groups, is that it was for many years delayed and then suddenly made possible by race-specific government policies. That's why it happened so fast. One reason that the numbers for unemployment and poverty and female-headed families in the ghettos have gone up so much is that nearly everyone who was employed and married moved away (also, the fertility rate of black married women has dropped substantially, which is a sign of assimilation into the middle class). Very quickly, around 1970, the ghettos went from being exclusively black to being exclusively black lower-class, and there was no countervailing force to the venerable, but always carefully contained, disorganized side of the ghetto culture. No wonder it flourished in the seventies. The "losing ground" phenomenon, in which black ghettos paradoxically became worse during the time of the War on Poverty, can be explained partly by the abrupt disappearance of all traces of bourgeois life in the ghettos and the complete social breakdown that resulted.

ALMOST ALL OF THE CANTONIANS, WHEN THEY ARRIVED in Chicago in the late fifties and early sixties, lived in the traditional South Side ghetto, and then all but the very least fortunate left. Of the many success stories, everybody's favorite is that of the Sims family, who prove that it is possible to move unscarred from a peasant background in rural Mississippi to the upper middle class in one generation. Back home they started out as sharecroppers—two parents and thirteen children working a fourteen-acre plot that was five miles from the nearest paved road. They did have a leg up: Juanita Sims had an unusually high degree of education, which is to say some high school; her father owned a thirty-one-acre plot of land, to which they eventually moved the family so that they could farm for themselves; and J. B. Sims was able to get a job laying pipeline for the city.

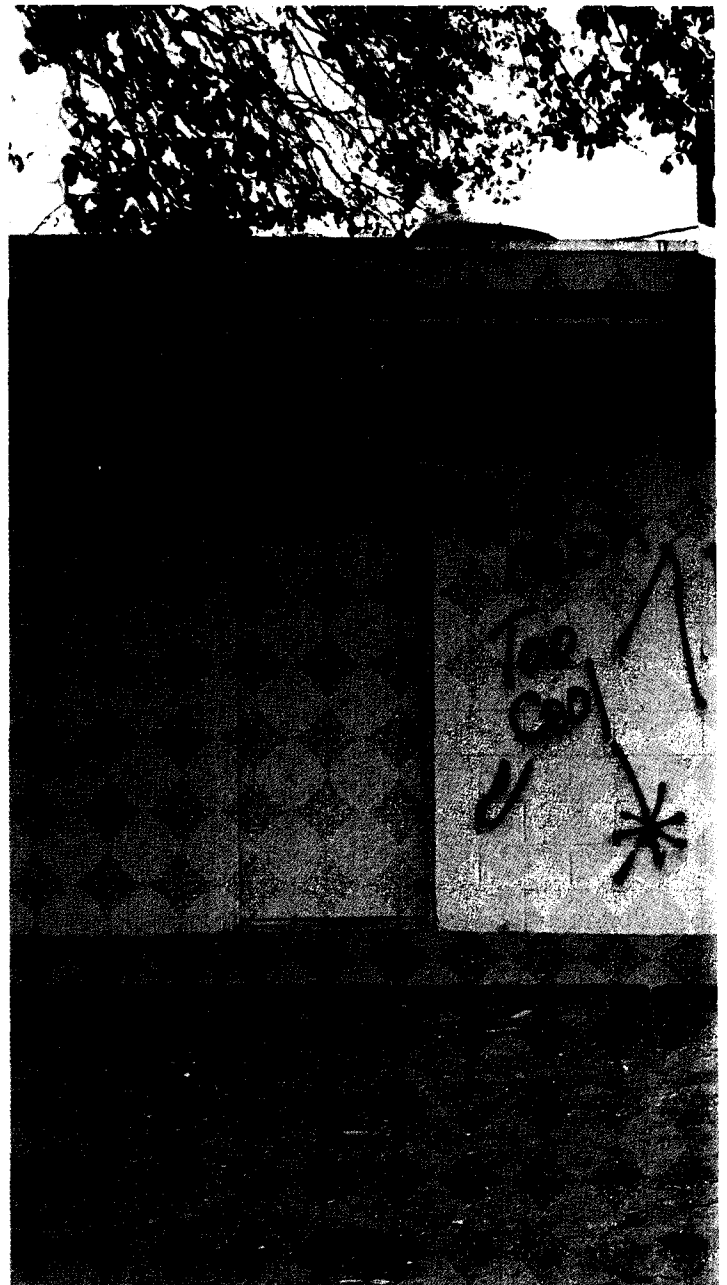
Weedell Sims, the third daughter, graduated from Cameron Street High School in 1955 and immediately moved to Chicago, following the path of her sister Theresa, who had come up a few years earlier. On her first day in Chicago, Weedell found a job as an assembler at the Bancroft Clock factory, for less than a dollar an hour. After nine months she was laid off, and found a job in the mailroom at Montgomery Ward. She celebrated her thirtieth anniversary at Ward this spring—she's now a supervisor in the data-control division. In 1961 she married Jack McIntosh, who had moved to Chicago just after his high school graduation in Rayville, Louisiana. He has been with AT&T in Skokie, Illinois, since 1960. Today they live in a beautiful white brick house in an integrated suburb called Matteson, and attend an integrated Lutheran church. They both have college diplomas from Chicago State, earned through years at night school.

J. B. Sims, Jr., the oldest son in the family (the initials don't stand for anything), came to Chicago in 1957, at the age of eighteen, right after the fall harvest was finished. He arrived with \$13.50 in his pocket. After a week he got a job in a laundry for ninety cents an hour, and soon after that he got a second job at another laundry. After several years of working two full-time jobs, he got a day job in a grocery store, underwent ministerial training at night, and then started a Baptist church in his basement—Greater Tabernacle Missionary Baptist. The church flourished and moved to larger quarters. In 1975 he moved to a spacious brick house on the South Side. In 1978 he started a bus company that takes Chicago children to school, under contract from the board of education. In 1980 he felt secure enough to quit his job at the grocery store. Today he has forty-eight buses and owns a service station and a fourteen-unit apartment building. The church is just about to reopen in a new half-million-dollar building. He is married, for the second time, and has one daughter and one stepdaughter.

As the Sims family, and the rest of the Cantonians who made it, did better over the years, they fanned out steadily in the city, to the new working-class and lower-middle-class black areas that were opening up in the seventies,

mostly in formerly white areas to the south and west of the South Side ghetto. All of them now see the ghetto culture as unhealthy, something to keep one's kids away from. Mildred Nichols's sister, Doris Smith, teaches at Du Sable High School, most of whose students live in the Robert Taylor Homes, but sends her children to Kenwood, a much better public high school near the University of Chicago.

Mildred Nichols's two children are both married and both working, and have two children each. André lives in Canton, Jacqueline in Chicago. Over the years, Nichols has helped two of her siblings move to Chicago to go to graduate school at Northwestern. This year, on Valentine's Day, she married William Burton, a security officer, and together they bought a neat brick bungalow on the far South Side.



AS MOST OF THE CANTONIANS WHO MOVED TO CHICAGO have thrived, so has the ghetto culture that grew in Chicago. Now the ghetto is coming home to Mississippi. In Canton today, at the black playground and down the street from the civil-rights movement's Freedom House, there are walls with spray-painted symbols of the Chicago gangs: the six-pointed star of the Disciples, the crossed pitchforks of the Vice Lords.

On the evening of April 25, 1985, a young man named Percy Walker, nicknamed Squinky, got into a fight in a Canton bar with a man named Larry Ross. Later that night Ross stopped his car outside Walker's girlfriend's house, pulled out a shotgun, and fired at Walker point-blank. Walker died a few hours later in a hospital in Jackson. For his funeral a group of friends and relatives came down from Chicago in a phalanx of Cadillacs, which were decorated

with Vice Lords symbols. Walker's life is a capsule version of the growth and spread of the underclass. His mother never married his father, who was from a sharecropper family, didn't have much school, and moved from Canton to Chicago shortly after Walker was born. (There the father was a hustler and was killed in a fight in a bar.) Walker was sent to Chicago to live with relatives when he was a teenager; he dropped out of school and was arrested for rape. On visits back to Canton he began dating a girl who lived down the street from his mother, and in 1983 they had a daughter. Before she was three she learned when people said "Vice Lords" to her to answer with the proper hand signal. □

This is the first part of a two-part article. The second part, which will appear next month, will discuss the failure of black and white leaders to continue promoting middle-class values for the underclass.



MOM'S PLACE

SHORT
RESTAURANT



Chicago gang symbols on a wall in Canton, Mississippi. "The underclass culture, after a decade on its own to gather force, was strong enough to begin expanding its sphere of influence."

A Short Story



THE OTHER MILLER

BY TOBIAS WOLFF

FOR TWO DAYS NOW MILLER HAS BEEN STANDING IN the rain with the rest of Bravo Company, waiting for some men from another company to blunder down the logging road where Bravo waits in ambush. When this happens, if this happens, Miller will stick his head out of the hole he is hiding in and shoot off all his blank ammunition in the direction of the road. So will everyone else in Bravo Company. Then they will climb out of their holes and get on some trucks and go home, back to the base.

This is the plan.

Miller has no faith in it. He has never yet seen a plan that worked, and this one won't either. He can tell. For one thing, the lieutenant who thought up the plan has been staying away a lot—"doing recon," he claims, but that's a lie. How can you do recon if you don't know where the enemy is? Miller's foxhole has about a foot of water in it. He has to stand on little shelves he's been digging out of the walls, but the soil is sandy and the shelves keep collapsing. That means his boots are wet. Plus his cigarettes are wet. Plus he broke the bridge on his molars the first night out, while chewing up one of the lollipops he'd brought along for energy. It drives him crazy the way the broken bridge lifts and grates when he pushes it with his tongue, but last night he lost his willpower and now he can't keep his tongue away from it.

When he thinks of the other company, the one they're supposed to ambush, Miller sees a column of dry, well-fed men marching farther and farther away from the hole where he stands waiting for them. He sees them moving easily under light packs. He sees them stopping for a smoke break, stretching out on fragrant beds of pine needles under the trees, the murmur of their voices growing more and more faint as one by one they drift into sleep.

It's the truth, by God. Miller knows it like he knows he's going to catch a cold, because that's his luck. If he were in the other company then they'd be the ones standing in holes.

Miller's tongue does something to the bridge, and a surge of pain shoots through him. He snaps up straight, eyes burning, teeth clenched against the yell in his throat. He fights it back and glares around him at the other men. The few he can see look stunned and ashen-faced. Of the rest he can make out only their poncho hoods. The poncho hoods stick out of the ground like bullet-shaped rocks.

At this moment, his mind swept clean by pain, Miller can hear the tapping of raindrops on his own poncho.

Then he hears the pitchy whine of an engine. A jeep is splashing along the road, slipping from side to side and throwing up thick gouts of mud behind it. The jeep itself is caked with mud. It skids to a stop in front of Bravo Company's position, and the horn beeps twice.

Miller glances around to see what the others are doing. Nobody has moved. They're all just standing in their holes.

The horn beeps again.

A short figure in a poncho emerges from a clump of trees farther up the road. Miller can tell it's the first sergeant by how little he is, so little that the poncho hangs almost to his ankles. The first sergeant walks slowly toward the jeep, big blobs of mud all around his boots. When he gets to the jeep, he leans his head inside; he pulls it out again a moment later. He looks down at the road. He kicks at one of the tires in a thoughtful way. Then he looks up and shouts Miller's name.

Miller keeps watching him. Not until the first sergeant shouts his name again does Miller begin the hard work of hoisting himself out of the foxhole. The other men turn their ashen faces up at him as he trudges past their heads.

"Come here, boy," the first sergeant says. He walks a little distance from the jeep and waves Miller over.

Miller follows him. Something is wrong. Miller can tell, because the first sergeant called him "boy," instead of "shitbird." Already he feels a burning in his left side, where his ulcer is.

The first sergeant stares down the road. "Here's the thing," he begins. He stops and turns to Miller. "Hell's bells, I don't know. Goddamn it. Listen. We got a priority here from the Red Cross. Did you know your mother was sick?"

Miller doesn't say anything. He pushes his lips tight together.

"She must have been sick, right?" When Miller remains silent the first sergeant says, "She passed away last night. I'm real sorry." The first sergeant looks sadly up at Miller, and Miller watches the sergeant's right arm beginning to rise under the poncho; then it falls to his side again. Miller can see that the first sergeant wants to give his shoulder a man-to-man kind of squeeze, but it just won't work. You can only do that if you're taller than the other fellow, or maybe the same size.

"These boys here will drive you back to base," the first

sergeant says, nodding toward the jeep. "You give the Red Cross a call, and they'll take it from there. Get yourself some rest," he adds. He turns away and walks off toward the trees.

Miller retrieves his gear. One of the men he passes on his way back to the jeep says, "Hey, Miller, what's the story?"

Miller doesn't answer. He's afraid that if he opens his mouth he'll start laughing and ruin everything. He keeps his head down and his lips tight as he climbs into the back seat of the jeep, and he doesn't look up again until the company is a mile or so behind. The fat Pfc. sitting beside the driver is watching him. He says, "I'm sorry about your mother. That's a bummer."

"Maximum bummer," says the driver, another Pfc. He shoots a look over his shoulder. Miller sees his own face reflected for an instant in the driver's sunglasses.

"Had to happen someday," he mumbles, and looks down again.

Miller's hands are shaking. He puts them between his knees and stares through the snapping plastic window at the trees going past. Raindrops rattle on the canvas overhead. He is inside, and everyone else is still outside. Miller can't stop thinking about the others standing around getting rained on, and the thought makes him want to laugh and slap his leg. This is the luckiest he has ever been.

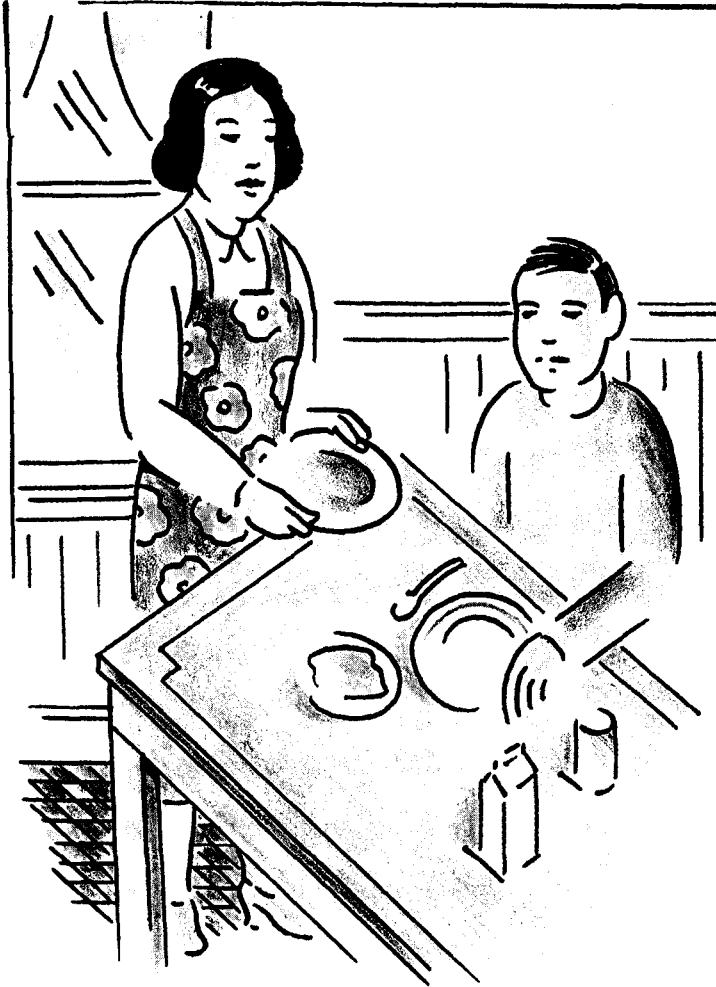
"My grandmother died last year," the driver says. "But that's not the same thing as losing your mother. I feel for you, Miller."

"Don't worry about me," Miller tells him. "I'll get along."

The fat Pfc. beside the driver says, "Look, don't feel like you have to repress just because we're here. If you want to cry or anything just go ahead. Right, Leb?"

The driver nods. "Just let it out."

"No problem," Miller says. He wishes he could set these fellows straight, so they won't feel like they have to act mournful all the way to Fort Ord. But if he tells them what happened they'll turn right around and drive him back to his foxhole.



This is what happened. Another Miller in the battalion has the same initials he's got, W. P., and this Miller is the one whose mother has died. His father passed away during the summer and Miller got that message by mistake too. So he has the lay of the land now; as soon as the first sergeant started asking about his mother, he got the entire picture.

For once, everybody else is on the outside and Miller is on the inside. Inside, on his way to a hot shower, dry clothes, a pizza, and a warm bunk. He didn't even have to do anything wrong to get here; he just did as he was told. It was their own mistake. Tomorrow he'll rest up like the first sergeant ordered him to, go on sick call about his bridge, maybe go downtown to a movie after

that. Then he'll call the Red Cross. By the time they get everything straightened out it will be too late to send him back to the field. And the best thing is, the other Miller won't know. The other Miller will have a whole other day of thinking his mother is still alive. You could even say that Miller is keeping her alive for him.

The man beside the driver turns around again and studies Miller. He has little dark eyes in a round, baby-white face covered with beads of sweat. His name tag reads KAISER. Showing little square teeth like a baby's, he says, "You're really coping, Miller. Most guys pretty much lose it when they get the word."

"I would too," the driver says. "Anybody would. Or maybe I should say almost anybody. It's *human*, Kaiser."

"For sure," Kaiser says. "I'm not saying any different. That's going to be my worst day, the day my mom dies." He blinks rapidly, but not before Miller sees his little eyes mist up.

"Everybody has to go sometime," Miller says. "Sooner or later. That's my philosophy."

"Heavy," the driver says. "Really deep."

Kaiser gives him a sharp look and says, "At ease, Lebowitz."

Miller leans forward. Lebowitz is a Jewish name. That means Lebowitz must be a Jew. Miller wants to ask him why he's in the Army, but he's afraid Lebowitz might take

it wrong. Instead, he says, conversationally, "You don't see too many Jewish people in the Army nowadays."

Lebowitz looks into the rearview mirror. His thick eyebrows arch over his sunglasses, and then he shakes his head and says something Miller can't make out.

"At ease, Leb," Kaiser says again. He turns to Miller and asks him where the funeral is going to be held.

"What funeral?" Miller says.

Lebowitz laughs.

"Back off," Kaiser says. "Haven't you ever heard of shock?"

Lebowitz is quiet for a moment. Then he looks into the rearview mirror again and says, "Sorry, Miller. I was out of line."

Miller shrugs. His probing tongue pushes the bridge too hard and he stiffens suddenly.

"Where did your mom live?" Kaiser asks.

"Redding," Miller says.

Kaiser nods. "Redding," he repeats. He keeps watching Miller. So does Lebowitz, glancing back and forth between the mirror and the road. Miller understands that they expected a different kind of performance from the one he's given them, more emotional and all. They have seen other personnel whose mothers died and now they have certain standards that he has failed to live up to. He looks out the window. They are driving along a ridgeline. Slices of blue flicker between the trees on the left-hand side of the road; then they hit a space without trees and Miller can see the ocean below them, clear to the horizon under a bright cloudless sky. Except for a few hazy wisps in the treetops they've left the clouds behind, back in the mountains, hanging over the soldiers there.

"Don't get me wrong," Miller says. "I'm sorry she's dead."

Kaiser says, "That's the way. Talk it out."

"It's just that I didn't know her all that well," Miller says, and after this monstrous lie a feeling of weightlessness comes over him. At first it makes him uncomfortable, but almost immediately he begins to enjoy it. From now on he can say anything.

He makes a sad face and says, "I guess I'd be more broken up and so on if she hadn't taken off on us the way she did. Right in the middle of harvest season. Just leaving us like that."

"I'm hearing a lot of anger," Kaiser tells him. "Ventilate. Own it."

Miller got that stuff from a song, but he can't remember any more. He lowers his head and looks at his boots. "Killed my dad," he says, after a time. "Died of a broken heart. Left me with five kids to raise, not to mention the farm." Miller closes his eyes. He sees a field all plowed up with the sun setting behind it, a bunch of kids coming in from the field with rakes and hoes on their shoulders. As the jeep winds down through the switchbacks he describes his hardships as the oldest child in this family. He is at the end of his story when they reach the coast highway and turn north. All at once the jeep stops rattling and

swaying. They pick up speed. The tires hum on the smooth road. The rushing air whistles a single note around the radio antenna. "Anyway," Miller says, "it's been two years since I even had a letter from her."

"You should make a movie," Lebowitz says.

Miller isn't sure how to take this. He waits to hear what else Lebowitz has to say, but Lebowitz is silent. So is Kaiser, who's had his back turned to Miller for several minutes now. Both men stare at the road ahead of them. Miller can see that they have lost interest in him. He is disappointed, because he was having a fine time pulling their leg.

One thing Miller told them was true: he hasn't had a letter from his mother in two years. She wrote him a lot when he first joined the Army, at least once a week, sometimes twice, but Miller sent all her letters back unopened and after a year of this she finally gave up. She tried calling a few times but Miller wouldn't go to the telephone, so she gave that up too. Miller wants her to understand that her son is not a man to turn the other cheek. He is a serious man. Once you've crossed him, you've lost him.

Miller's mother crossed him by marrying a man she shouldn't have married: Phil Dove. Dove was a biology teacher in the high school. Miller was having trouble in the course, and his mother went to talk to Dove about it and ended up getting engaged to him. Miller tried to reason with her, but she wouldn't hear a word. You would think from the way she acted that she had landed herself a real catch instead of someone who talked with a stammer and spent his life taking crayfish apart.

Miller did everything he could to stop the marriage but his mother had blinded herself. She couldn't see what she already had, how good it was with just the two of them. How he was always there when she got home from work, with a pot of coffee already brewed. The two of them drinking their coffee together and talking about different things, or maybe not talking at all—maybe just sitting in the kitchen while the room got dark around them, until the telephone rang or the dog started whining to get out. Walking the dog around the reservoir. Coming back and eating whatever they wanted, sometimes nothing, sometimes the same dish three or four nights in a row, watching the programs they wanted to watch and going to bed when they wanted to and not because some other person wanted them to. Just being together in their own place.

Phil Dove got Miller's mother so mixed up that she forgot how good their life was. She refused to see what she was ruining. "You'll be leaving anyway," she told him. "You'll be moving on, next year or the year after"—which showed how wrong she was about Miller, because he would never have left her, not ever, not for anything. But when he said this she laughed as if she knew better, as if he wasn't serious. He was serious, though. He was serious when he promised he'd stay and he was serious when he promised he'd never speak to her again if she married Phil Dove.

She married him. Miller stayed at a motel that night and two more nights, until he ran out of money. Then he

joined the Army. He knew that would get to her, because he was still a month shy of finishing high school, and because his father had been killed while serving in the Army. Not in Vietnam but in Georgia, killed in an accident. He and another man were dipping mess kits in a garbage can full of boiling water and somehow the can fell over on him. Miller was six at the time. Miller's mother hated the Army after that, not because her husband was dead—she knew about the war he was going to, she knew about snipers and booby traps and mines—but because of the way it happened. She said the Army couldn't even get a man killed in a decent fashion.

She was right, too. The Army was just as bad as she thought, and worse. You spent all your time waiting around. You lived a completely stupid existence. Miller hated every minute of it, but he found pleasure in his hatred, because he believed that his mother must know how unhappy he was. That knowledge would be a grief to her. It would not be as bad as the grief she had given him, which was spreading from his heart into his stomach and teeth and everywhere else, but it was the worst grief he had power to cause, and it would serve to keep her in mind of him.

KAISER AND LEBOWITZ ARE DESCRIBING HAMBURGERS to each other. Their idea of the perfect hamburger. Miller tries not to listen but their voices go on, and after a while he can't think of anything but beefsteak tomatoes and Gulden's mustard and steaming, onion-stuffed meat crisscrossed with black marks from the grill. He is on the point of asking them to change the subject when Kaiser turns and says, "Think you can handle some chow?"

"I don't know," Miller says. "I guess I could get something down."

"We were talking about a pit stop. But if you want to keep going, just say the word. It's your ball game. I mean, technically we're supposed to take you straight back to base."



"I could eat," Miller says.

"That's the spirit. At a time like this you've got to keep your strength up."

"I could eat," Miller says again.

Lebowitz looks up into the rearview mirror, shakes his head, and looks away again.

They take the next turnoff and drive inland to a crossroads where two gas stations face two restaurants. One of the restaurants is boarded up, so Lebowitz pulls into the parking lot of the Dairy Queen across the road. He turns the engine off and the three men sit motionless in the sudden silence that follows. It soon begins to fade. Miller hears the distant clang of metal on metal, the caw of a crow, the creak of Kaiser shifting in his seat.

A dog barks in front of a rust-streaked trailer next door. A skinny white dog with yellow eyes. As it barks the dog rubs itself, one leg raised and twitching, against a sign that shows an outspread hand below the words KNOW YOUR FUTURE.

They get out of the jeep, and Miller follows Kaiser and Lebowitz across the parking lot. The air is warm and smells of oil. In the gas station across the road a pink-skinned man in a swimming suit is trying to put air in the tires of his bicycle, jerking at the hose and swearing loudly at his inability to make the pump work. Miller pushes his tongue against the broken bridge. He lifts it gently. He wonders if he should try eating a hamburger, and decides that it can't hurt as long as he is careful to chew on the other side of his mouth.

But it does hurt. After the first couple of bites Miller shoves his plate away. He rests his chin on one hand and listens to Lebowitz and Kaiser argue about whether people can actually tell the future. Lebowitz is talking about a girl he used to know who had ESP. "We'd be driving along," he says, "and out of the blue she would tell me exactly what I was thinking about. It was unbelievable."

Kaiser finishes his hamburger and takes a drink of milk. "No big deal," he says. "I could do that." He pulls Miller's hamburger over to his side of the table and takes a bite.

"Go ahead," Lebowitz says. "Try it. I'm not thinking about what you think I'm thinking about," he adds.

"Yes, you are."

"All right, now I am," Lebowitz says, "but I wasn't before."

"I wouldn't let a fortune-teller get near me," Miller says. "The way I see it, the less you know the better off you are."

"More vintage philosophy from the private stock of W. P. Miller," Lebowitz says. He looks at Kaiser, who is eating the last of Miller's hamburger. "Well, how about it? I'm up for it if you are."

Kaiser chews ruminatively. He swallows and licks his lips. "Sure," he says. "Why not? As long as Miller here doesn't mind."

"Mind what?" Miller asks.

Lebowitz stands and puts his sunglasses back on. "Don't worry about Miller. Miller's cool. Miller keeps his head when men all around him are losing theirs."

Kaiser and Miller get up from the table and follow Lebowitz outside. Lebowitz is bending down in the shade of a dumpster, wiping off his boots with a paper towel. Shiny blue flies buzz around him. "Mind what?" Miller repeats.

"We thought we'd check out the prophet," Kaiser tells him.

Lebowitz straightens up, and the three of them start across the parking lot.

"I'd actually kind of like to get going," Miller says. When they reach the jeep he stops, but Lebowitz and Kaiser walk on. "Now, listen," Miller says, and skips a little to catch up. "I have a lot to do," he says to their backs. "I want to go home."

"We know how broken up you are," Lebowitz tells him. He keeps walking.

"This shouldn't take too long," Kaiser says.

The dog barks once and then, when it sees that they really intend to come within range of its teeth, runs around

the trailer. Lebowitz knocks on the door. It swings open, and there stands a round-faced woman with dark, sunken eyes and heavy lips. One of her eyes has a cast; it seems to be watching something beside her while the other looks down at the three soldiers at her door. Her hands are covered with flour. She is a gypsy, an actual gypsy. Miller has never seen a gypsy before, but he recognizes her just as he would recognize a wolf if he saw one. Her presence makes his blood pound in his veins. If he lived in this place he would come back at night with some other men, all of them yelling and waving torches, and drive her out.

"You on duty?" Lebowitz asks.

She nods, wiping her hands on her skirt. They leave chalky streaks on the bright patchwork. "All of you?" she asks.

"You bet," Kaiser says. His voice is unnaturally loud.

She nods again and turns her good eye from Lebowitz to Kaiser, and then to Miller. After she takes Miller in she smiles and rattles off a string of strange sounds, words from another language or maybe a spell, as if she expects him to understand. One of her front teeth is black.

"No," Miller says. "No, ma'am. Not me." He shakes his head.

"Come," she says, and stands aside.

Lebowitz and Kaiser mount the steps and disappear into the trailer. "Come," the woman repeats. She beckons with her white hands.

Miller backs away, still shaking his head. "Leave me alone," he tells her, and before she can answer he turns and walks away. He goes back to the jeep and sits in the driver's seat, leaving both doors open to catch the breeze. Miller feels the heat drawing the dampness out of his fatigues. He can smell the musty wet canvas overhead and the sourness of his own body. Through the windshield, covered with mud except for a pair of grimy half-circles, he watches three boys solemnly urinating against the wall of the gas station across the road.

Miller bends down to loosen his boots. Blood rushes to his face as he fights the wet laces, and his breath comes faster and faster. "Goddamn laces," he says. "Goddamn rain. Goddamn Army." He gets the laces untied and sits up, panting. He stares at the trailer. Goddamn gypsy.

He can't believe those two fools actually went inside there. Yukking it up. Playing around. That shows how stupid they are, because anybody knows that you don't play around with fortune-tellers. There is no predicting what a fortune-teller might say, and once it's said, no way to keep it from happening. Once you hear what's out there it isn't out there anymore, it's here. You might as well open your door to a murderer as to the future.

The future. Didn't everybody know enough about the future already, without digging up the details? There is only one thing you have to know about the future: everything gets worse. Once you have that, you have it all. The specifics don't bear thinking about.

Miller certainly has no intention of thinking about the specifics. He peels off his damp socks and massages his

WIFFLE BALL

Doing my best to hit
the bat, I serve the pitch up
on a platter.
Limp-wristed and slithery
she spins full around
and falls to the ground
dizzy, a fizzle.
Despair floats out
to the makeshift mound
and I catch it.
So I explain
stance, the snap
of the wrist, the quick
eye and level swing, the love

of the game—
all curve balls
to her blunt stare.
And what do I care
anyway? She's nine, and I
can't make her do
anything she doesn't
want to, so there!
She stumps off adjusting
her mask and pads,
shaking off all my signs.

—Ronald Wallace

white crinkled feet. Now and then he glances up toward the trailer, where the gypsy is pronouncing fate on Kaiser and Lebowitz. Miller makes humming noises. He will not think about the future.

Because it's true—everything gets worse. One day you are sitting in front of your house, poking sticks into an anthill, hearing the chink of silverware and the voices of your mother and father in the kitchen; then, at some moment you can't even remember, one of those voices is gone. And you never hear it again. When you go from today to tomorrow you're walking into an ambush.

A new boy, Nat Pranger, joins your Little League team. He lives in a boardinghouse a couple of streets over from you. The first day you meet Nat you show him the place under the bleachers where you keep the change you steal from your mother. The next morning you remember doing this, and you push your half-eaten breakfast away and run to the ball park, blindly, your chest hurting. The change is still in its hiding place. You count it. Not a penny is missing. You kneel there in the shadows, catching your breath.

All summer you and Nat throw each other grounders and develop plans to acquire a large sailboat for use in the South Seas—that is Nat's term, "the South Seas." Then school starts, your first year of junior high, and Nat makes other friends but you don't, because something about you turns people cruel. Even the teachers. You want to have friends, you would change if you knew what it was that needed changing, but you don't know. You see Nat struggling to be loyal and you hate him for it. His kindness is worse than cruelty. By December you know exactly how things will be in June. All you can do is watch it happen.

What lies ahead doesn't bear thinking about. Already Miller has an ulcer, and his teeth are full of holes. His body is giving out on him. What will it be like when he's sixty? Or even five years from now? Miller was in a restaurant the other day and saw a fellow about his own age in a wheelchair, getting fed soup by a woman who was talking to some other people at the table. This boy's hands lay twisted in his lap like gloves dropped there; his pants had crawled halfway to his knees, showing pale, wasted legs no thicker than bones. He could barely move his head. The woman feeding him did a lousy job because she was too busy blabbing to her friends. Half the soup went over the boy's shirt. Yet his eyes were bright and watchful.

Miller thought, *That could happen to me.*

You could be going along just fine and then one day, through no fault of your own, something could get loose in your bloodstream and knock out part of your brain. Leave you like that. And if it didn't happen now, all at once, it was sure to happen slowly later on. That was the end you were bound for.

Someday Miller is going to die. He knows that, and he prides himself on knowing it when other people only pretend to know it, secretly believing that they will live forever. This is not the reason that the future is unthinkable to Miller. There is something worse than that, something not to be considered, and he will not consider it.

He will not consider it. Miller leans back against the seat and closes his eyes, but his effort to trick himself into somnolence fails. Behind his eyelids he is wide awake and fidgety with gloom, probing against his will for what he is afraid to find, until, with no surprise at all, he finds it. A simple truth. His mother is also going to die. Just like him. And there is no telling when. Miller cannot count on her to be there to come home to, and receive his pardon, when he finally decides that she has suffered enough.

Miller opens his eyes and looks at the raw shapes of the buildings across the road, their outlines lost in the grime on the windshield. He closes his eyes again. He listens to himself breathe and feels the familiar, almost muscular ache of knowing that he is beyond his mother's reach. He has put himself where she cannot see him or speak to him or touch him in that thoughtless way of hers, resting her hand on his shoulder as she stops behind his chair to ask him a question or just stand for a moment, her mind somewhere else. This was supposed to be her punishment, but somehow it has become his own. He understands that it has to stop. It is killing him.

It has to stop now, and as if he has been planning for this day all along Miller knows exactly what he will do. Instead of reporting to the Red Cross when he gets back to base, he will pack his bag and catch the first bus home. No one will blame him for this. Even when they discover the mistake they've made they still won't blame him, because it would be the natural thing for a grieving son to do. Instead of punishing him they will probably apologize for giving him a scare.

He will take the first bus home, express or not. It will be full of Mexicans and soldiers. Miller will sit by a window and drowse. Now and then he will come up from his dreams to stare out at the passing green hills and loamy plowland and the stations where the bus puts in, stations cloudy with exhaust and loud with engine roar, where the people he sees through his window will look groggily back at him as if they too have just come up from sleep. Salinas. Vacaville. Red Bluff. When he gets to Redding, Miller will hire a cab. He will ask the driver to stop at Schwartz's for a few minutes while he buys some flowers, and then he will ride on home, down Sutter and over to Serra, past the ball park, past the grade school, past the Mormon temple. Right on Belmont. Left on Park. Leaning over the seat, saying farther, farther, a little farther, that's it, that one, there.

The sound of voices behind the door as he rings the bell. Door swings open, voices hush. Who are these people? Men in suits, women wearing white gloves. Someone stammers his name, strange to him now, almost forgotten. "W-W-Wesley." A man's voice. He stands just inside the door, breathing perfume. Then the flowers are taken from his hand and laid with other flowers on the coffee table. He hears his name again. It is Phil Dove, moving toward him from across the room. He walks slowly, with his arms raised, like a blind man.

Wesley, he says. Thank God you're home. □



*Two stereotypes dominate discussions
of terrorism. They cloud thought and inhibit effective action*

THINKING ABOUT TERRORISM

BY CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

TERRORISM IS DISTURBING NOT JUST EMOTIONALLY and morally but intellectually, as well. On terrorism, more than on other subjects, commentary seems liable to be swayed by wishful thinking, to base itself on unwarranted or flawed assumptions, and to draw from these assumptions irrational inferences, muzzily expressed.

Let me offer one example, typical of many more. The following is the conclusion to a recent *Washington Post* editorial, "Nervous Mideast Moment":

The United States, however, cannot afford to let its struggle against terrorism be overwhelmed by its differences with Libya. That gives the Qaddafis of the world too much importance and draws attention from the requirement to go to the political sources of terrorism. A principal source, unquestionably, is the unresolved Palestinian question. The State Department's man for

the Middle East, Richard Murphy, has been on the road again, cautiously exploring whether it is possible in coming months to bring Israel and Jordan closer to a negotiation. This quest would be essential even if terrorism were not the concern it is. It marks the leading way that American policy must go.

The clear implication is that negotiation between Israel and Jordan can dry up "a principal source of terrorism." Now, nobody who has studied that political context at all, and is not blinded by wishful thinking, could possibly believe that. For the Arab terrorists—and most other Arabs—"the unresolved Palestinian question" and the existence of the State of Israel are one and the same thing. The terrorists could not possibly be appeased, or made to desist, by Jordan's King Hussein's getting back a slice of the West Bank, which is the very most that could come out of a negotiation between Jordan and Israel. The terrorists



and their backers would denounce such a deal as treachery and seek to step up their attacks, directing these against Jordan as well as Israel.

That *Washington Post* editorial, like many others to the same tune, exemplifies a dovish, or sentimental, variety of wishful thinking on the subject of terrorism. There is also a hawkish, or hysterical, variety. Each has its own misleading stereotype (or stereotypes) of the terrorist. Let us look at the stereotypes:

Sentimental stereotype. According to this stereotype, the terrorist is a misguided idealist, an unsublimated social reformer. He has been driven to violence by political or social injustice or both. What is needed is to identify the measures of reform that will cause him to desist. Once these can be identified and undertaken, the terrorist, having ceased to be driven, stops.

Hysterical stereotype. Less stable than the sentimental variety, this can be divided into subvarieties:

(a) The terrorist is some kind of a nut—a “disgruntled abnormal” given to “mindless violence.” (“Mindless violence” may be applicable to the deeds of isolated, maverick assassins. As applied to the planned activities of armed conspiracies, it is itself a mindless expression.)

(b) The terrorist is nothing more than a thug, a goon, a gangster. His “political” demands are simply a cover for criminal activity.

(c) The terrorist is an agent, or dupe, or cat’s-paw of the

other superpower. (He might, of course, be a nut or a goon as well as a dupe.)

These stereotypes serve mainly to confuse debate on the subject. There is no point in arbitrarily attributing motives, nice or nasty, to the terrorist. It might be more useful to look at the situations in which terrorists find themselves and at how they act, and may be expected to act, given their situations.

In what follows I shall bear in mind mainly (though not exclusively) the members of the most durable terrorist organizations of the twentieth century: the IRA (including its splinter groups) and the PLO (including its splinter groups).

Terrorists have a grievance, which they share with members of a wider community: the division of Ireland, the division of Palestine, the inroads of secularism into Islam, or whatever. But they also have, from the moment they become terrorists, significant amounts of power, prestige, and access to wealth, and these constitute vested interests in the present, irrespective of the attainment or non-attainment of their declared long-term political objectives.

The sentimentalist thinks of the terrorist as driven to violence by grievance or oppression. It would be more realistic to think of the terrorist as hauling himself up, by means of the grievance or oppression and the violence it legitimizes, to relative power, prestige, and privilege in the community to which he belongs. For an unemployed

young man in a slum in Sidon or Strabane, for example, the most promising channel of upward social mobility is his neighborhood branch of the national terrorist organization. There are risks to be run, certainly, but for the adventurous, aggressive characters among the unemployed or the otherwise frustrated, the immediate rewards outweigh the risks. In this situation the terrorist option is a rational one: you don't have to be a nut, a dupe, or an idealist.

I don't mean that the terrorist is necessarily, or even probably, insincere about the national (or religious or other

collective) grievance or in his hatred toward those seen as responsible for the grievance. On the contrary, hatred is one of the things that keep him going, and the gratification of hatred is among the rewards of the terrorist. The terrorist is not just a goon, out for the loot. His political motivation is genuine. But there are other rewards in his way of life as well as the hazy reward of progress toward the political objective. The possession of a known capacity and willingness to kill confers authority and glamour in the here and now, even on rank-and-file members in the urban ghetto or in the village. On the leaders it confers national and even international authority and glamour, and independence from financial worries.

If we accept that the terrorist's way of life procures him immediate rewards of that nature, and that he is probably not insensible to at least some of the rewards in question, it seems to follow that he will probably be reluctant to relinquish those rewards by voluntarily putting himself out of business.

The situation thus outlined has a bearing of a negative nature on the notion that there are "negotiated solutions" to the "problems" that "cause" terrorism.

First of all, a negotiated solution—being by definition an outcome that offers some satisfaction to both parties—will be inherently distasteful to terrorists and their admirers, accustomed as these are to regarding *one* of the parties (Britain, Israel, or another) as evil incarnate.

Second, to exploit that genuine distaste will be in the interests of the terrorists, in relation to the reward system discussed above. So pride and profit converge into a violent rejection of the "negotiated solution"—which therefore is not a solution to terrorism.

This is most obvious where the solution is to be negotiated between people who are not spokesmen for the terrorists. When Garret FitzGerald and Margaret Thatcher negotiated the Hillsborough Agreement over Northern Ireland, last November, that neither caused the IRA to give up nor deprived it of its hard-core popular support (though there was a drop of about 10 percent in electoral support for the IRA's political front, Sinn Féin). Similarly, if King Hussein and Shimon Peres were to reach agreement, it would not be likely to cause any of the Arab terrorist groups to go out of business or forfeit their hard-core support.

Suppose a terrorist (or putatively *ex*-terrorist) organization joined in the deal. That would presumably earn a cessation, or at least a suspension, of terrorist activity by the negotiating group and its immediate following. But the deal would be repudiated by other organizations, who would see no reason to go out of business; and since these intransigents would be demonstrably in line with the absolutist policies previously proclaimed by the whole movement, they would have high credibility and widespread support.

So the prospects for ending terrorism through a negotiated settlement are not bright, whether or not the terrorists are involved in the negotiations. But the insistence that a

ACID

In Jakarta,
among the vendors
of flowers and soft drinks,
I saw a child
with a hideous mouth,
begging,
and I knew the wound was made
for a way to stay alive.
What I gave him
wouldn't keep a dog alive.
What he gave me
from the brown coin
of his sweating face
was a look of cunning.
I carry it
like a bead of acid
to remember how,
once in a while,
you can creep out of your own life
and become someone else—
an explosion
in that nest of wires
we call the imagination.
I will never see him
again, I suppose.
But what of this rag,
this shadow
flung like a boy's body
into the walls
of my mind, bleeding
their sour taste—
insult and anger,
the great movers?

—Mary Oliver

negotiated solution *can* end terrorism actually helps the terrorists. It does so because it places the responsibility for continuing terrorism equally on the terrorists and those they seek to terrorize. The enhanced respectability with which the terrorist is thereby invested gives him a foretaste of success and an encouragement to persevere. This is the opposite of what the dovish advisers desire, but it is the main result of their ill-advised endeavors.

NOT ONLY DO DOVES SOMETIMES HELP TERRORISTS but some hawkish advisers also give inadvertent aid and comfort to the forces they abhor. The combating of terrorism is not helped by bombastic speeches at high levels, stressing what a monstrous evil terrorism is and that its elimination is to be given the highest priority. I'm afraid that the most likely terrorist reaction to such a speech, whether it comes from a President, a Secretary of State, or other important official, is: "You see, they *have* to pay attention to us now. We are hurting them. Let's give them more of the same." And it all helps with recruitment. A movement that is denounced by a President is in the big time. And some kind of big time is what is most wanted by the aggressive and frustrated, who constitute the pool on which terrorist movements can draw.

What applies to speeches applies *a fortiori* to unilateral military action against countries harboring terrorists. Whatever short-term advantages may be derived from such attacks, a price will be paid—in increased international sympathy for the "cause" of the terrorists in question, and so in enhanced glamour and elbow room for them, all tending to legitimize and so facilitate future "counterattacks."

Nor does it help to suggest that terrorism is about to be extirpated—because it almost certainly isn't. Today's world—especially the free, or capitalist, world—provides highly favorable conditions for terrorist recruitment and activity. The numbers of the frustrated are constantly on the increase, and so is their awareness of the life-style of the better-off and the vulnerability of the better-off. Among the better-off themselves are bored young people looking for the kicks that violence can provide, and thus for causes that legitimize violence, of which there are no shortage. A wide variety of people feel starved for attention, and one surefire way of attracting instantaneous worldwide attention through television is to slaughter a considerable number of human beings, in a spectacular fashion, in the name of a cause.

Although the causes themselves hardly constitute the sole motivation of the terrorists—as terrorists claim they do—they are not irrelevant, either. The cause legitimizes the act of terror in the terrorist's own eyes and in those of others belonging to his nation, faith, or culture. Certain cultures and subcultures, homes of frustrated causes, are destined breeding grounds for terrorism. The Islamic culture is the most notable example. That culture's view of its own rightful position in the world is profoundly at variance

with the actual order of the contemporary world. It is God's will that the House of Islam should triumph over the House of War (the non-Moslem world), and not just by spiritual means. "Islam Means Victory" is a slogan of the Iranian fundamentalists in the Gulf War. To strike a blow against the House of War is meritorious; consequently, there is widespread support for activities condemned in the West as terrorist. Israel is one main target for these activities, but the activities would not be likely to cease even if Israel came to an end. The Great Satan in the eyes of Ayatollah Khomeini—and of the millions for whom he speaks—is not Israel but the United States. The defeat of Israel would, in those eyes, be no more than a portent of the impending defeat of the Great Satan. What the West calls terrorism should then be multiplied rather than abandoned.

The wellsprings of terrorism are widespread and deep. The interaction between modern communications systems and archaic fanaticism (and other sources of resentment and ambition) is likely to continue to stimulate terrorist activity. In these conditions, talk about extirpating terrorism—and unilateral exploits backing such talk—are likely to be counterproductive. They present terrorists with a "victory," merely by the fact of being able to continue their activity. Similarly, solemn promises never to negotiate with terrorists can play into the hands of terrorists. Terrorists holding hostages can force a democratic government to negotiate, as happened in the case of the hijacked TWA airliner last June. If the democratic government then pretends that no negotiation took place, this helps the credibility of the terrorists, not that of the democratic government.

IT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO EXTIRPATE TERRORISM FROM THE face of the globe, but it should be possible to reduce the incidence and effectiveness of terrorism, through coordinated international action. The Reagan Administration's efforts to get better cooperation in this matter from the European allies are justified in principle but flawed in practice. They are justified because the performance of several European countries in relation to international terrorism has often amounted to turning a blind eye, for commercial reasons. The British government, for example, tolerated the conversion of the Libyan Embassy in London into a "Revolutionary People's Bureau," and ignored all reports that the bureau was a center of terrorist activity, until the point was reached at which the revolutionary diplomatists actually opened fire from the embassy windows into St. James's Square, killing a British policewoman. Even after that the policy of playing ball with Qaddafi, as long as there was money to be made out of it, did not altogether disappear, either in Britain or elsewhere in Europe. (Mrs. Thatcher's support for the recent U.S. air strikes against Libyan targets seems to stem from a wish to be seen as the most dependable ally of the United States, rather than from any spontaneous change of

heart about the proper way in which to deal with Libya.)

So President Reagan had good reasons for urging the European allies to adopt less complaisant attitudes toward international terrorism. But, unfortunately, the President's remonstrances lack the moral leverage they need to have. They lack such leverage because a very wide international public sees the Reagan Administration itself as engaged in supporting terrorism in Central America, in its backing for the contras in Nicaragua. Public cynicism about American anti-terrorist rhetoric is increased by the strong component of Cold War ideology that the Reagan Administration has been putting into its anti-terrorism, implying that almost all terrorism has its ultimate roots in the Soviet Union. Most of the interested public outside the superpowers tends to see each superpower as calling the terrorists whom it favors "freedom fighters" while reserving the term "terrorists" for the "freedom fighters" favored by the other side. That view of the matter is debatable, but the point, in the present context, is that it is shared by so many people that it inhibits effective international cooperation against international terrorism.

Such cooperation is unlikely to have a strong impact unless both superpowers are prepared to participate in it. Bringing about such cooperation will be difficult but is not inconceivable. Limited superpower consensus has emerged, in the second half of the twentieth century, on at least three occasions: in 1956, against the Anglo-French-Israeli invasion of Egypt; in 1963, against the continued existence of the secessionist "state" of Katanga; and in 1977, against the supply of arms to South Africa.

Can limited superpower consensus be attained for coordinated action against terrorism? I think it can, especially if international terrorist activity grows to the degree that it begins to pose a clear threat to international peace and stability—not just as these are perceived by one superpower but as perceived by both. There is a historical precedent, flawed—like all such precedents—but suggestive. This is the case of the Barbary pirates, who used to operate in the Mediterranean, out of North African ports. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, rivalries between the European powers provided the Barbary pirates with conditions propitious to their activities, much as global rivalries tend to protect state terrorism today. The Barbary pirates were a general nuisance, but they were a worse nuisance to some powers than to others, and so the enemies of the powers for whom the pirates were making the most trouble were apt to give the pirates a helping hand from time to time. In the first half of the nineteenth century, however, the powers decided, in effect, that the pirates should be treated as a common enemy: the enemy of the human race, *hostes humani generis*. With that change in international approach piracy was brought under control in the Mediterranean.

International terrorism has yet to reach the stage that Mediterranean piracy reached in the nineteenth century. Terrorism is a worse nuisance to one superpower—the United States—than it is to the other. Democratic soci-

eties, committed to freedom of information and having governments necessarily sensitive to changing public moods, are far more vulnerable to terrorist blackmail, and offer a far more stimulating environment for terrorist activity, than closed societies like the Soviet Union. (We are often told that there is no terrorist activity in the Soviet Union; in reality we don't know whether there is terrorism or not. But the fact that we don't know and that the Soviet public doesn't know would certainly be advantageous to the Soviet authorities in coping with any terrorists that they may have.)

So the Soviets have no clear and present incentive to join in international activity against terrorism. On the contrary, they have given cautious aid and encouragement to some forms of terrorism (less than right-wing propagandists suggest, but more than the left admits). But it would be wrong to conclude, as most right-wing analysts do, that the Soviets are operating under a doctrinal imperative to destabilize the West. The Soviet authorities—despite their ideological bravado—know well that a destabilized West could be extremely dangerous, and specifically dangerous to the Soviet Union. The superpowers do have an elemental common interest—in survival. That is why limited superpower consensus has been possible in the past, and that is why it remains a possibility for the future with regard to terrorism. Such consensus could take the form of a joint warning that any country harboring terrorists would no longer be allowed to invoke its sovereignty as a protection against international intervention. Once superpower agreement had been reached, that warning could be embodied in a mandatory resolution of the Security Council.

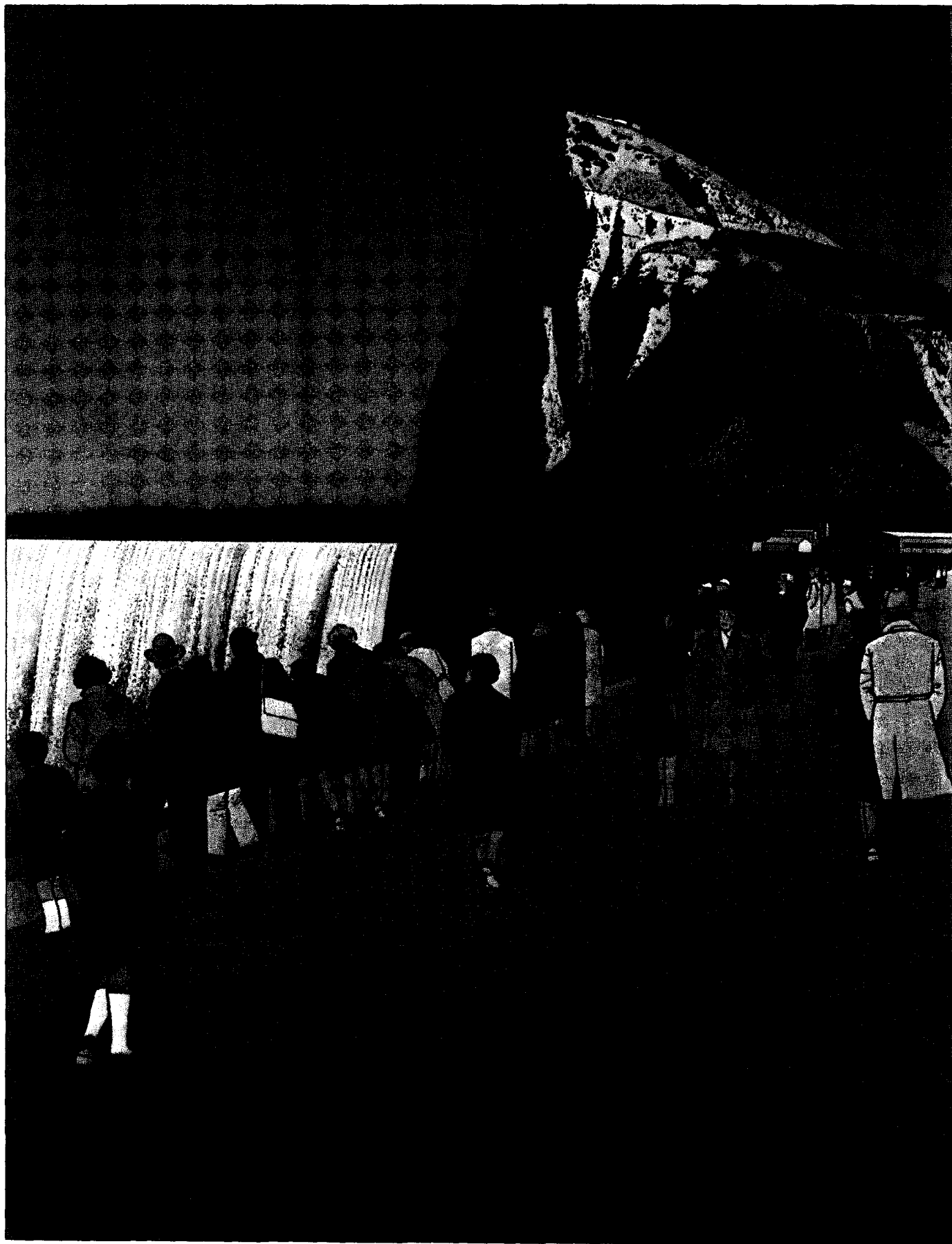
We are very far indeed from that point, though here as elsewhere thought should not treat present actuality as if it were eternal. In the meantime, it appears that the United States has two main alternatives for anti-terrorist policy.

The first alternative, which seems likely to be followed for the remainder of the Reagan Administration, is to go on backing the contras and simultaneously calling for an end to terrorism, with occasional armed spectacles to lend conviction to such calls. As already indicated, I think this policy is internationally incredible and hopeless, and unnecessarily dangerous, whatever its merits may be in terms of domestic electoral politics.

The second alternative is to provide clear and consistent political and moral leadership in this matter to U.S. allies and the rest of what is called the free world. That would require the United States both to abandon completely its support for the contras in Nicaragua and to accept, without the present reservations, the authority of the World Court. I believe that a President of the United States who had taken these steps would be in a far stronger position than is now the case to give the world a lead in combined action against terrorism and to prepare the way for eventual superpower consensus on this matter. And I think that a President who took such a stand would be bringing new hope on other matters, also, to many people in the world. □

THE FILLING OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA

BY GUY BILLOUT



MUSIC

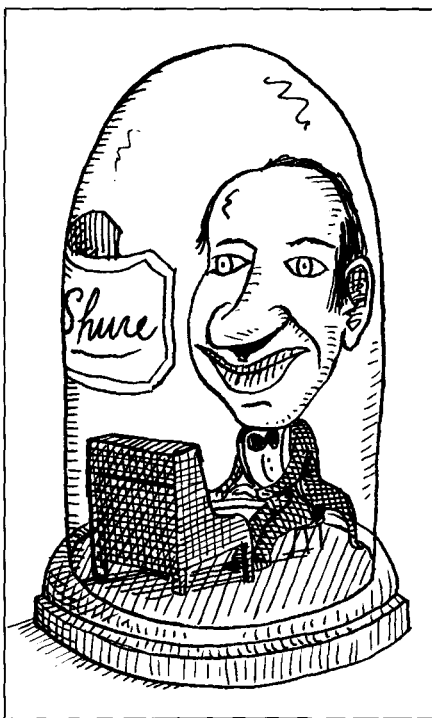
DIRECTLY FROM BEETHOVEN

BY LLOYD SCHWARTZ

QUIETLY OVER THE past few years a remarkable musical event has been taking place. Audiofon Records, a small label that prides itself on the naturalness of its sound and the honesty of its performances, has been releasing a series of new recordings by one of the most extraordinary but least known pianists of his generation—Leonard Shure. That Shure is not a household name beyond the circuit of the classical-music intelligentsia is one of many disturbing examples of the way the music business can affect a major career. Fortunately, some reparations—especially in the form of these recordings—are finally being made.

Shure was born in Los Angeles, on April 10, 1910. He was a child prodigy who by the time he was thirteen was already unhappy with his playing and with the life of a professional virtuoso. Instead of going on a planned world tour, he persuaded his parents to allow him to study in Berlin, where he played for the top European pianists and was advised by the Russian prodigy Mischa Levitzki to go to Artur Schnabel—the most profound and probing of modern pianists—for “veneer.” Schnabel, whose musical ancestry could be traced directly to Beethoven, was hardly the sort of musician to be interested in prodigies. But a letter from the Viennese (and, later, Hollywood) composer Erich Korngold persuaded Schnabel to listen. By 1927 Shure was not only Schnabel’s student but his first—and only—assistant. He made his first recording while he was still in Europe—the Chopin Rondo for Two Pianos, Opus 73—with Schnabel’s son Karl Ulrich. In 1933 Shure returned to America to resume his career. According to a much repeated story, he went backstage after a concert to meet Serge Koussevitzky, who had heard about him from Schnabel and others. Their conversation about music continued every week for a month, at which point—without having heard Shure play a note—Koussevitzky wanted him to perform with the Boston Symphony. In December of 1933 Shure made his Ameri-

can debut with Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Brahms D-minor Concerto, and in 1941 he became the first piano soloist at Koussevitzky’s new Berkshire Music Center, at Tanglewood. He was soon playing with most of the major American orchestras under most of the major conductors. In the mid-1940s he started recording the great solo repertoire—



Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms—for Vox.

But, like Schnabel, Shure was not interested in dazzling display or bravura keyboard acrobatics. He wanted to play only what he considered the greatest music (which meant an almost exclusive dedication to the nineteenth-century Central European masters), and he wanted to teach. Concert managers, however, were looking for the kind of pre-jet-set virtuoso who would play at least fifty or sixty concerts a year and attract an audience with popular show pieces. A mutual bewilderment and distrust dominated Shure’s dealings with managers (he would later tell an inter-

viewer that he had met only one manager he would still allow into his house). So he taught, holding appointments at the Mannes School, the Cleveland Institute, the University of Texas, Boston University, and the New England Conservatory, with guest professorships and master classes all over the world, building a reputation as an extremely difficult but challenging pedagogue in the Schnabel tradition. In the middle and late fifties he made another series of recordings, for Epic (more Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann), all highly praised and by the early sixties all collector’s items.

One of Schnabel’s imperatives (startlingly modern at the time) was that a performer must stick to the score—“the thrilling story in which every note has its psychological purpose.” Music is “notes belonging to other notes,” Shure tells his students. Understanding the connections between those notes is more important than how flashily they can be played. Shure’s restrained, undemonstrative stage deportment mirrors the descriptions of Schnabel’s; he enters, sits, plays. No rolling eyes, no sudden lunges, the hands never too far from the keys. The drama comes from the piano, not the performer. Schnabel taught a whole generation of pianists that music was an emotional and spiritual experience, not a theatrical one.

Like Schnabel, Shure learned to make his instrument both speak and sing. For both pianists the great piano literature emerges as a series of monologues, recitatives, arias, and hymns. (Shure’s actual singing voice can occasionally be heard on his recent recordings.) One of the most distinctive characteristics of Shure’s style is the contrast between grand rhetoric and singing intimacy. His *fortissimos* have an imposing and relentless power, a hugeness that is not just banging, especially in the bass. He must have one of the strongest and steadiest left hands in the history of the piano. Then he astonishes one with the delicacy of the *pianissimos*, the trills (both high and low), the shadings in volume and tone. And his sense that every moment is part of a larger pattern gives each musical event an exciting forward thrust. He leaves one convinced that there are no alternatives.

THIS IS ALL captured on the four Audiofon albums released so far. Three were made in Miami from August of 1979 to December of 1981: a two-rec-

ord set of the Beethoven Diabelli Variations and Opus 110 Sonata, the Schubert Opus Posthumous Sonata in B-flat and the one in C minor, and the third movement of the Schumann Fantasia in C as filler. One album, Beethoven's *Emperor* Concerto, was taken from a Schnabel memorial concert performance at the New England Conservatory, on December 15, 1982. Only in the B-flat sonata, probably Schubert's greatest work for the piano, does Shure leave something to be desired, and there only when one compares the somberness of this performance with the mercurial wit and the greater variety of profundity in Schnabel's virtually definitive 1939 recording (available on an Arabesque set) or with Shure's more eloquent simplicity and heroic rhythmic freedom in live concert performance. Especially the two middle movements—the tenderly unfolding C-sharp-minor Andante sostenuto, with its sudden C-major chord that floods the whole movement with a single shaft of light, and the fleet, tumbling Scherzo (*allegro vivace con delicatezza*)—miss Shure's natural spontaneity and seem a bit self-conscious. (Where's the unearthly glow he can give that C-major chord?) And yet the lilting roll in the left hand, so even and clear in the Andante, is in itself a small miracle of voicing.

In fact, almost every live performance of Shure's (or tape of a live performance) I've heard has been both more relaxed and more exhilarating than the commercially recorded counterpart. Several of the best recordings are actually preservations of concert performances. Beethoven's Opus 109 (one of a number of pieces recorded in the early 1980s that are still awaiting release) and 110, both central works in Shure's narrow repertoire, were performed before an invited audience. The ardent, yearning Opus 110 was issued unedited, and his monumental version of the Diabelli Variations (his third recording of it) has, according to the liner notes, "less than 5 splices." "There was one wrong note in 109 that made me angry," Shure once told a radio interviewer, "but we let it go anyway." The flowing richness of these performances is worth more than most of the note-perfect recordings of these works put together.

These recent performances by an elder statesman in his late sixties and early seventies are far more vigorous, colorful, and expansive than the recordings Shure made at thirty-five or (more particularly) forty-five, for Epic. The old 78s, of

course, are in many ways closer to live performances than are later studio recordings, with their complex editing devices. Despite the brevity of each "take," Schnabel clearly made this process work for him. But it must not have been only the recording sessions that inhibited Shure—it was his whole approach to music, his technique and style. Those Epic LPs are sensitive, intelligent performances, secure in ideas as well as technique. They are note perfect. But some inner force was still waiting to be released.

THAT RELEASE HAS finally occurred during the past decade. It's as if Shure has finally abandoned some sense of propriety or purity which constrained his earlier playing. Perhaps, with such strength and dexterity in his fingers, he thought that any sort of complex pedaling would be cheating. Now, however, the pedaling is ever present and elaborately nuanced ("fluttering footwork," a student of his has called it), and it serves to heighten both the grandeur and the intimacy of the music. The last movement of the Schumann Fantasia is significantly more expansive and moving, even out of context, than its 1958 predecessor.

The Schubert C-minor Sonata, one of the trickiest, most manic pieces in the repertoire, is a brilliant miniature on the Epic recording—faster, thinner, much smaller in scale than the way he plays it now. The Audiofon recording of it, though not quite as free as a live performance that I heard Shure give in 1976, and lacking part of its inner network of tensions, is nevertheless a relentlessly dramatic statement of this forceful, disturbing piece—the most powerful recorded performance of it I know. (Schnabel never recorded it.) Robert Lowell once called the Adagio movement "Schubert's requiem—for himself." The size and fullness of Shure's playing allows us to hear in those chordal pronouncements, so continually baffled in their search for resolution, Schubert's confrontation with his inescapable fate, and ours. The final movement is a sinister tarantella, the icily slipping arpeggios a skeletal finger down the spine.

Still, if I had to choose only one of these recent recordings (and I'm glad I don't), it would be the *Emperor*, partly because it's Shure's only concerto recording and partly because it's a sentimental occasion, with Shure joining forces with another of Schnabel's great

est students, Leon Fleisher, who, since the loss twenty years ago of his ability to rely on his right hand, has emerged as a conductor of significant artistry. (Schnabel recorded the *Emperor* three times but only once did he have a conductor of Fleisher's musical penetration—Frederick Stock.) With the New England Conservatory Orchestra, Fleisher accompanies Shure with uncanny empathy. I'm especially moved by the way Shure distinguishes among the three appearances of the exquisite *leggeramente* motif in the first movement, the fleeting echo of military glory growing increasingly distant and nostalgic. (Beethoven scored it that way, but few pianists make such distinctions.) Shure makes the slow movement a hymn of the deepest conviction and then throws himself exhilaratingly into the final dance of victory, carefully observing the *sforzando* markings and using them to accelerate the impetus to dance. He brings to the surface Beethoven's abrupt shifts in dynamics (the first half of the famous celebratory phrase that opens the last movement is marked *forte*, the second half *piano*), which even Schnabel himself glossed over. True, there are technical slip-ups, but in this magnificent context they remain mere technicalities.

Promised for eventual release are Beethoven's Opus 101 and the aforementioned Opus 109, Brahms's Handel Variations (Shure's first recording of this) and Opus 116 Capriccios and Intermezzi, Schubert's *Moments musicaux* (Shure's third recording), and Schumann's F-minor Sonata (the so-called Concerto Without Orchestra). There is even some Chopin that Shure has not yet approved, and the jacket of the Schubert-Schumann disc promises a complete Schumann Fantasia, although that release and a new recording of Schubert's *Wanderer* Fantasy (which in recent concerts he has played far more expressively than he did in 1955) seem more in doubt. It is unfortunately unlikely that any commercial recording company will be inclined to issue the extraordinary though technically flawed and sonically limited pirated tapes of live performances which continue to circulate among aficionados. And it is not likely, given Shure's age and a recurring problem with the tendon of what he calls his "trigger finger," that there will be many more recording sessions, though the history of his career should prepare us for any surprising turn. □

TRAVEL

LUGGAGE THROUGH THE AGES

BY CULLEN MURPHY

"BON VOYAGE! Designs for Travel," which opened late last April at the Smithsonian Institution's Cooper-Hewitt Museum, in New York City, and which will close in mid-July, is a quiet celebration of an undeservedly neglected enterprise—the development and manufacture of luggage and travel accessories. It acknowledges what we all know: that travel, whether for business or pleasure, has never been easy. But it also points up what we tend to forget: that the evolving needs of a traveling public—needs that may become pressing at times of rapid transition in the means of transport—have generally been satisfied in very short order. Satisfaction has not, of course, been total, but it has been substantial, even as ever-larger numbers of travelers have taken to the roads, the rails, and the skies.

That is the premise of the Cooper-Hewitt exhibit. What makes the show entertaining is the variety of the supporting evidence—some 200 pieces in all, including items dating back to medieval times. Some of the artifacts claim a distinguished provenance. Herman Melville customarily traveled with a set of collapsible scales (the better to calculate relative values of foreign specie) and a special drinking glass. Melville's traveling kit is on display. Charles Dickens is represented by the inkwell he used on forays overseas, General Winfield Scott by the tin hat case that held a favorite bicorne. There are trunks that belonged to England's George III and to France's Marie de Medici, and a folding campaign desk built for Russia's Czar Paul I. The composer Leopold Stokowski rarely ventured abroad without the steamer trunk designed for him by Louis Vuitton. When opened and stood on end—as it is at the Cooper-Hewitt—the trunk reveals two shelves for books, three drawers for musical scores, and a cubby-hole for a metronome. A panel in the trunk's lid folds down into a desk.

The emphasis in the exhibit is decidedly less on celebrity than it is on ingenuity. It does not really matter who commissioned the elegant eighteenth-

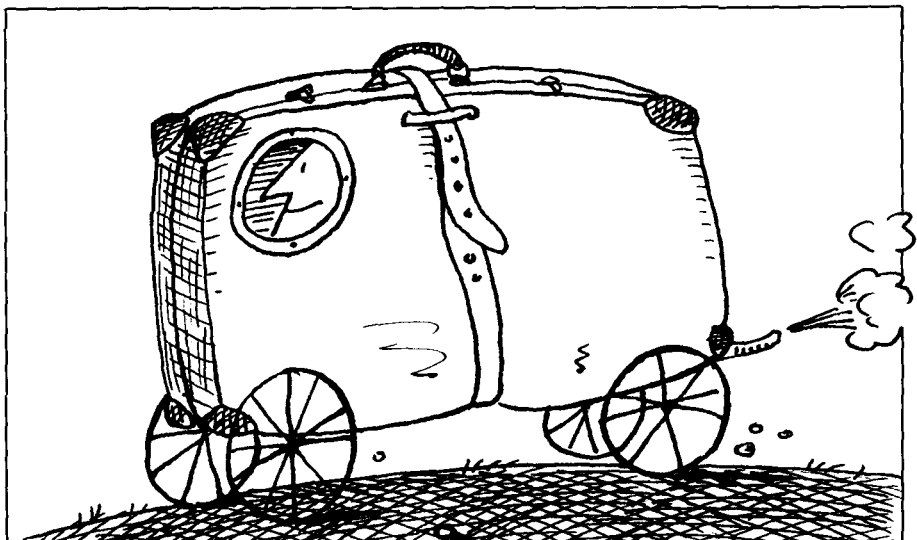
century brass sundial that shines among a half-dozen other timepieces. Engraved with latitudes for fourteen European cities (enabling its owner to determine the hour wherever he was likely to be), it is a handsome, clever, and immensely practical piece of work. So is the seventeenth-century Swedish bedstead, on a sturdy frame, that unfolds out of a footlocker. There is a miniature violin capable of being collapsed into a walking stick (you have to see it). Still more remarkable is a full-sized carriage that can be taken apart readily and packed in three small trunks (not including wheels). The carriage is of the type known as a Tilbury, after the London coach-builder who invented it.

The exhibit encompasses the products of Asian nomads, American Indians, and Renaissance courtiers, as well as those of such specialty concerns as Louis Vuitton (which has underwritten the show), Mark Cross, Asprey, Samsonite, Hartmann, Zero Halliburton, the United States Army, and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. The displays range from chalice cases and portable Buddhist shrines to doctor's bags and tinker's pigs. Mess kits were an idea whose time came early, and a number of very fine ones are on exhibit. (In its most basic form, which survives to this day, the mess kit consists of

a few essential eating utensils, artfully contrived; the more elaborate kind, though scarcely less compact, might contain dinner service for twelve.) There are also many examples of the more familiar forms of luggage—trunks, suitcases, garment bags, and so on. Less carefully presented, these might have cloyed, or at the very least made the museum floor seem like a shop floor. But in fact they tell a story.

The story is told not only through the artful arrangement of displays but also in an exceptionally informative and well-illustrated catalogue. Its contributors include the historian J. G. Links (writing on evolving attitudes toward travel), the industrial designer Ralph Caplan (who reflects on luggage design), and the essayist Paul Fussell (who surveys the social history of transportation). Fussell writes, "In the history of luggage since the beginning of the nineteenth century, the evolution, if that's the right word, has been from heavy- to lightweight, from complex to simple, and from elegant to plain." That is an accurate summation of a general trend, but it is not all that luggage has to tell us.

THE ORGANIZER OF the exhibit is Deborah Sampson Shinn, a guest curator at the Cooper-Hewitt who has previously worked at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, and the National Gallery of Art, in Washington, D.C. I spoke with her not long ago at her office. Shinn explained that the key considerations in developing items for travel are "portability" and "protection." The trade-off between the two, she said, has governed travel design in every age. It is perhaps the one constant in a sea of variables.



"Several things are always changing," Shinn said. "One involves the ways we move about. Traveling by horse as opposed to traveling on foot, by carriage instead of by horse, by boat instead of by carriage, by rail instead of by boat, by aircraft instead of by rail—all of this has had consequences for our luggage." It used to be that manufacturers made trunks with rounded tops and left the hair on the exterior leather. Such "hair-on" trunks were meant to be carried on top of coaches. The domed top served a dual purpose: it repelled rainwater and deterred coachmen from attempting to stack the luggage too high. Only with the age of the railway baggage car did trunk tops become flat, for easier storage. At the same time, the railroads brought long-distance travel within the reach of the bourgeoisie: hence the development of hand luggage, such as carpetbags and portmanteaus—necessities for those without servants. British businessmen, with goods to sell as well as clothes to carry, came up with the modern suitcase—a narrow trunk, essentially, but with the handle on one of the long sides instead of on each of the two short sides. Automobiles led to the evolution of another sort of trunk entirely—one that could be affixed, with straps, to the side or back of a vehicle. The trunk was eventually incorporated into the design of the automobile itself. With the advent of air travel, suitcases at first became lighter and slimmer and then, thanks in part to artificial fibers, flexible and hangable. According to the catalogue, no one seems to know whether the typical airliner's overhead baggage compartment became larger in order to accommodate bigger luggage or whether luggage became larger because the overhead compartment had grown spacious enough to hold it.

"The second factor that affects travel design is fashion," Shinn said. "We don't need to carry around as many costumes as we used to." For one thing, we no longer dress for dinner, or wear plus-fours on the links, or sport "touring outfits" when out for a spin in the Packard. Detachable collars, once the norm, now survive chiefly in formal wear; collar cases are a rarity. (They are still made, however. Swaine, Adeney, Brigg & Sons, Ltd. of London, sells collar cases in bridle hide or pigskin for £89.) Military officers once wore epaulets on their shoulders and cockades on their caps; such plumage required a receptacle. Women used to wear hoop skirts. They

traveled with dozens of shoes. A standard "shoe-secrétaire" on exhibit, dating from 1925, provides drawers for thirty-six pairs. Hats were once a big consideration. Men as well as women traveled with lots of them. The interior doughnut-hole space afforded by the spare tire in many early cars was given over to the accommodation of hats. Earlier, trunks and suitcases were often fashioned with a bulge on the side to hold a lady's or a gentleman's headgear. Hatboxes were a mainstay of the luggage industry. They aren't anymore.

"Finally, society itself has changed," Shinn said. "A hundred years ago the rule of thumb was, Bring everything you might conceivably need. Nowadays most of what anyone needs is available at the destination or along the way." In the United States we can take advantage of a variety of roadside conveniences, largely classless in appeal, that will ease our progress across the continent. Many hotels offer clothing stores, restaurants, and pharmacies; the better establishments provide robes, shower caps, and toiletries in one's room. At least in the developed world almost anything else a traveler desires is available within minutes of a call to the porter's desk. Ralph Caplan writes, "The closer the stuff at your destination matches the stuff at the point of departure, the less luggage you will need. When the match is perfect, you won't need any."

IHAPPEN TO like the modern way. I like knowing that I could awaken one day, lock the house, and, with only the credit cards in my pocket, venture hither and yon for months on end, living comfortably, perhaps even in style. Still, the Cooper-Hewitt show evokes a certain wistfulness for a world we have lost. When Napoleon, in 1812, embarked on his Russian adventure, he brought with him, according to the historian Nigel Nicolson, "a court on wheels [with] pages for the Emperor and maids-of-honour for Marie-Louise, and innumerable carts to carry plate and tapestries. . . . It was accompanied by another army of bakers, tailors, masons, shoemakers, gunsmiths, camp-followers and historians." Napoleon traveled with a monogrammed drinking glass, which he carried in a snug leather case. It is on display at the Cooper-Hewitt. So is the elegant dressing case (known as a *nécessaire de voyage*) that belonged to Marshal Ney, the last of Napoleon's commanders to leave Russian soil. It contains combs,

brushes, shaving equipment, an assortment of vials for powders and pomades, manicure tools, boot hooks, a corkscrew, and a flask.

The invasion of Russia was not undertaken for pleasure, but it differed from tourism of the day in degree rather than in kind. People traveled on the assumption that services promised at their destination might, as Napoleon discovered in Moscow, turn out to be unavailable. The first real restaurant (as opposed to coffeehouses, which catered primarily to a local trade) and the first real hotel (as opposed to inns, which were chancy affairs indeed) did not appear until the 1760s. Young gentlemen setting off on the Grand Tour were lectured on the virtues of self-reliance. The advice offered by William Wey to fifteenth-century pilgrims was heeded by the wise for three or four centuries thereafter, at least in spirit. Wey recommended that travelers take with them a feather bed, a mattress, two pillows, and a quilt; laxatives and spices, a coop of live chickens, and a half bushel of millet; also, "a little cauldron and a frying pan, dishes, plates, saucers of wood, cups of glass, [and] a grater for bread and such necessities"; plus a "bowl for sickness."

It may be that the historic clash of competing impulses—of Travel Light with Be Prepared—is now far easier to avoid than it was at any time in the past. But as this exhibit makes plain, the very finest examples of luggage design occur when the challenge of doing both must be squarely faced. It was successfully faced by the designers of the duffel bag, who came up with the luggage equivalent of an egg: a tidy container for only what is necessary. In recent years the challenge has been faced primarily by astronauts and backpackers—two types of travelers who have learned a great deal from each other. Camping gear, in particular, has been significantly improved by material and conceptual spin-offs from the space program. It seems somehow fitting that the modern pioneers of travel design should include those using the oldest means of transportation as well as those using the newest.

I mentioned this to the curator, Deborah Shinn. "Actually," she said, "it isn't really 'fitting' at all. It's just normal. Travel design grows at both ends. We think up new ways to accommodate new ways of moving around, but walking is still the thing we do most. That's the way it was a hundred years ago. That's the way it will be forever." □

DESIGN

HIGH-TECH WINDOWS

BY PHILIP LANGDON

THE DRIVE FOR energy conservation has lost much of its force, observers often say these days. Solar-energy enthusiasts become dispirited when they see that the most highly touted features of new houses have to do with plush living, not with cutting fuel consumption. Yet the momentum generated by the oil embargoes of 1973 and 1979 is continuing to alter American houses, often through tougher building codes and improved construction techniques. Now that it is routine for houses to be outfitted with thicker insulation and wrapped in plastic to resist drafts, builders are turning to windows as the next place for major improvements.

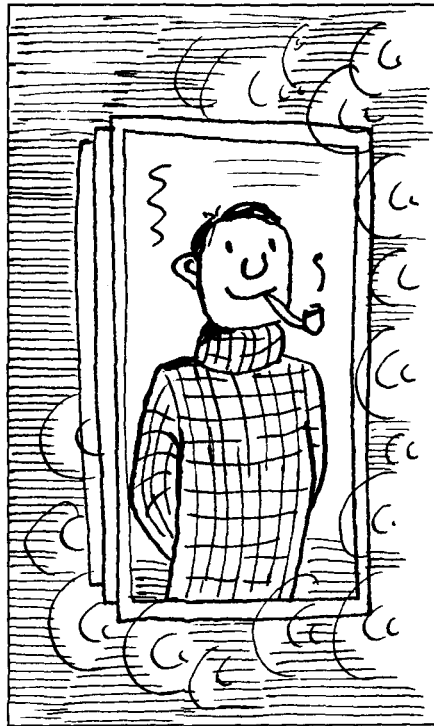
"R-values"—measures of resistance to heat flow—indicate why windows are important. Typically, the walls of new houses register R-values higher than 12; in cold states like Wisconsin even better ratings—higher than R-15—are standard. Walls with these R-values, which are more than a third higher than the norm of the early 1970s, help houses stay warm in winter and cool in summer. By contrast, a single-glazed window with its alarmingly low rating of approximately R-1 is an opening through which heat and cold pass all too easily.

Adding storm windows or switching to insulating glass (two sheets with a sealed air space between them) boosts the R-value only to about 2. Triple-layer insulating glass pushes the rating to about 3, but it adds so much weight that the window becomes bulky. Moreover, for every layer of glass added, about one sixth of the sun's light and warmth is blocked. These drawbacks, along with the higher price, have made triple glazing impractical.

Now builders and designers are embracing a high-tech, or at least higher-tech, solution: windowpanes containing more than glass. Because of their superior insulating quality, the indoor surfaces of such windows remain at close to room temperature, eliminating condensation and making it possible for people to sit by the window without being chilled.

One of the new methods is to use film

rather than extra layers of glass to upgrade a window's energy efficiency. Since 1981 the 3M Company has been producing SunGain: thin polyester films that can be suspended in the air space between two sheets of glass. A set of two films, pulled taut, creates three separate dead-air pockets between the panes. This "quadpane" window system (manufactured by Weather Shield, of Med-



ford, Wisconsin, and other companies) has a winter R-value of 3.8—nearly double that of standard insulating glass.

A film with more-advanced properties, Heat Mirror, produced by Southwall Technologies, of Palo Alto, California, actually *reflects* warmth, so that less of the heat generated inside a house radiates out. Heat Mirror is a single film, placed in the air space between two sheets of glass. It has a layer of metal oxide that lets sunlight and near-infrared radiation pass through but that bounces back the radiant energy generated by a furnace or given off by objects within a house. Glass equipped with Heat Mirror has an impressive R-value of 4.3.

Heat Mirror, which went into production in 1981, gave America's window manufacturers their first opportunity to make "low-E" windows: windows that let in plenty of light and yet have "low emissivity," a term indicating simply that the window allows less long-wave radiant energy to pass through it than ordinary windows do. The main disadvantage of a low-E window, according to Douglas Balcomb, a leading solar-energy researcher at Los Alamos National Laboratory, is that when it's installed on a southern exposure, it noticeably reduces the amount of warmth from the sun entering the house in winter. Typically, however, the radiant energy that it keeps from getting out of the house more than makes up for the solar heat that it keeps from getting in. And in places like Miami and Phoenix the reduction of solar heat is actually beneficial. Last year Southwall introduced a variant, Heat Mirror 66, specifically designed for southern and southwestern residential markets: it blocks a still larger portion of solar heat while admitting ample light.

ENERGY-CONSCIOUS builders—for example, Deck House, a manufacturer in Acton, Massachusetts—were quick to adopt Heat Mirror. Lately, however, some have been turning away from film systems to a less complicated innovation: a low-E coating added directly to glass. In some instances the coating is a single layer. In others the coating is composed of three layers—a core layer of a metal such as silver, to reflect long-wave rays, and two additional layers of anti-reflectant materials, which mask the metal, making it nearly invisible. Even so, under certain light conditions most low-E coatings give a window a faint blue or gray cast.

Window-makers find it easier to work with coated glass than with a separate film. Deck House, in fact, switched from Heat Mirror to a coated glass called Sungate 100, which PPG Industries introduced in 1983. Demand for such glass is strong, and now many coated low-E products are available.

So far there are two methods of coating glass. For Sungate 100 (among other products) the materials are "sputtered," or vacuum-deposited, on the surface. The coating made by this process can be damaged if touched, and it cannot tolerate prolonged exposure to moisture. Consequently, it is installed facing the sealed air space, not the outdoors or the house's interior. Sputter-coated glass

achieves an R-value of about 3—the equivalent of triple glazing—and avoids the extra thickness and weight of a third layer of glass.

Recently another form of low-E glass has come onto the market: a coating that is sprayed on while the glass is hot, resulting in a hard, baked-on surface. "Hard-coat" low-E glass is impervious to moisture, and it can safely be exposed to the atmosphere and to normal handling. For these reasons window-makers like it. Only one such product—Comfort, made by the Belgian company Glaverbel, S.A., and distributed by The Sentinel Group, of Miami—is claimed to have an energy efficiency equal to that of the sputter-coats (though its efficiency is less than that of Heat Mirror or the 3M films). Others improve on the energy efficiency of ordinary glass only half as much as the sputter-coats do. Until the hard-coat products are upgraded, they will remain products oriented as much to the window manufacturer's convenience as to the homeowner's benefit. And so you are generally better off getting windows with a sputter-coat or with Heat Mirror or 3M film. Deck House, to its credit, stayed with PPG's Sungate 100 sputter-coat glass rather than switch to Sungate 200, a hard-coat glass that would have been somewhat easier to work with but is less effective in saving energy.

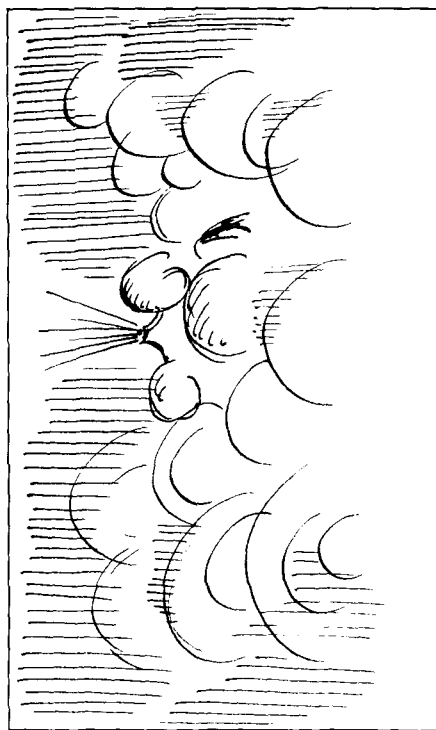
The one place where hard-coat low-E glass is unquestionably a good choice is on storm windows, since these are not completely sealed from the atmosphere. If I were buying new storm windows for my house, in New Haven, Connecticut, where there's a good deal of winter sunshine, I'd consider hard-coat glass for the windows that face east, west, and north, but not for those facing south, where the loss of the sun's warmth would be appreciable.

Coated glass promises to become one of the "energy upgrades" that builders will offer customers as an option in the years ahead. In the hotter sections of the Sunbelt the option of glass that is both low-E and tinted to deflect summertime heat will be offered. The annual production of low-E glass in the United States is expected to reach 125 million square feet by 1988.

COMPANIES COMPETING intently for the new market in energy-efficient windows have already made further advances. One involves filling the air space in low-E windows with argon, an invis-

ible inert gas. Because argon molecules are large and heavy, they conduct heat less readily than air does. The SNE Corporation, of Wausau, Wisconsin, claims that its sputter-coat low-E window systems filled with argon—sold under the trade names of Crestline and Vetter—can achieve R-values as high as 5.

If you want better energy performance than that, you'll have to turn to insulating shutters and blinds—movable insulation, as these devices have been called. In the late 1970s there was considerable excitement over the potential of blinds with air pockets, shutters with rigid foam insulation, fabrics with inner layers of reflective foil, and other such window coverings. And for good reason: movable insulation carries R-values as high as 15.



But the movable-insulation field has fallen on hard times. Some systems have suffered from mechanical problems—the insulating shades have fallen out of their tracks along the window edges, or condensation has formed where the insulation has appreciably reduced the temperature of the glass. Even systems free of malfunctions typically require daily effort on the part of owners to place the insulation over the windows at night and remove it when the sun is shining. Everett Barber, Jr., an authority on solar energy who teaches in the school of architecture at Yale University, says that there's probably an additional reason why movable insulation has not fared

well while low-E glass has come on strong: "Companies like PPG can devote a lot of marketing muscle to promoting glass as the answer to energy problems. Nobody associated with movable insulation commands that kind of marketing and distribution clout, since the major window-shade manufacturers haven't chosen to sell insulating shades and those firms that do produce window insulation are small."

If you go to a lumberyard or a window store, you'll probably find displays explaining the advantages of low-E windows: for example, the fact that they block most ultraviolet rays means that they inhibit the fading of carpets, draperies, and other fabrics. You may not find the distinction between sputter-coat and hard-coat glass spelled out, especially if the store deals only in the less-effective hard-coats. However, you should expect to be told the rating of a piece of glass, so that you can judge how well it will perform. (Sometimes a rating is given as a "U-value": a number between zero and one that measures how readily the glass transmits heat. Divide one by the U-value to get the R-value.) Many manufacturers provide an energy rating for the entire window assembly—a useful calculation, since any advantage gained from better glass can be lost through conduction of energy through the frame or through air leakage around the sash.

Generally, window assemblies have been getting better. Many have insulating material positioned where it will prevent heat or cold from being conducted through the sash or frame. The edges of some are well flashed to block drafts. Unfortunately, Andersen, of Bayport, Minnesota, and many other manufacturers continue to make double-hung windows that are secured by turning a sash lock where the upper and lower sashes meet. The lock, rather than drawing the two sashes tightly together, may actually push them slightly apart, creating a gap that air can rush through. Pella, a top-of-the-line window produced by Rol-screen, of Pella, Iowa, is superior in that it uses a spring-loaded sash lock that grips firmly.

Double-hung windows can be awkward to clean. Marvin (a window-maker in Warroad, Minnesota, that wins praise from many architects), Andersen, and other manufacturers have surmounted that problem by designing double-hung windows in which the sash pivots to a horizontal position. Rolscreen and other

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makers produce casement windows that pivot into the center of the window opening, providing both greater ease of cleaning and better ventilation, although with one drawback: the opened window divides the view in two.

In its windows and doors Rolscreen will also install thin venetian blinds (Slimshades) between the two panes of glass. Both the blinds and the glass are given a low-E coating, so that a window with the blinds closed can achieve the admirable R-value of 4.35.

A PROMINENT TREND today is toward ornamental windows. Round-arched windows have proliferated, and stained glass is enjoying a revival so widespread that you can find it not just in small specialty shops but also in stores stocking mass-produced windows. Many new stained-glass windows are insulated. The Seagull Stained Glass Company, of Atlantic City, New Jersey, for instance, makes a series of attractive octagonal windows with the stained glass sandwiched between two sheets of clear glass.

The age of the large picture window is over. Though plenty of picture windows continue to be produced, most of them are camouflaged. Dividers that imitate muntins are placed against the glass to give the appearance of many small panes, or "lights." Rarely is the effect convincing.

In double-hung windows false muntins are just as common and frequently just as fake-looking. Among the worst are the "snap-in" grilles offered by Andersen. If you stand near the window, you can't help noticing that instead of resting solidly against the sash the snap-in grilles stop short; small extensions fit into little holes in the sash. The impression of falseness is compounded when the grille is white vinyl, clashing with a dark-stained wooden sash. To see this is not to "come home to quality," as the Andersen commercials sing; it's to come home to self-delusion.

If you really must have the appearance of traditional muntins in windows made of undivided glass, other manufacturers provide systems that look less disturbingly false. Rolscreen will place a wooden grille between the two sheets, where it won't get in the way of cleaning. The Woodstone Company, of Westminster, Vermont, one of a number of specialty shops that have sprung up in the past dozen years in response to growing interest in craftsmanship and historic

restoration, makes handsome, well-constructed grilles that can be put on the room side of the glass, on the exterior, or on both the exterior and the interior.

Probably the most ingenious innovation is one that Peachtree, of Norcross, Georgia, introduced last year—a removable solid-pine liner made up not only of muntin bars but also of a large part of the surrounding sash. It's as if Peachtree had sliced the window vertically; the wood portion facing into the room can be lifted off for cleaning, staining, and painting. In essence the window has been divided into two layers—one functional and permanent, the other ornamental and expendable. The idea is clever, and I would admire it more if I didn't feel that the search for a better-looking set of false muntins is the architectural equivalent of attempting to make a better clip-on necktie.

The fact is that most systems, including Peachtree's, are not very convincing from the outside. Anyone driving by can see from the reflections that the window is not what it pretends to be.

It's possible to avoid all the falseness by buying windows with true divided lights made of double-layer insulating glass. Marvin and a number of other companies make them to the customer's specifications. (One of the encouraging developments of recent years is the willingness of small companies like Woodstone and of large companies like Marvin to accept custom orders.) As you'd expect, divided-light insulating glass costs considerably more than any of the alternatives—up to twice the price of insulating glass with a grille, for example. What's more, the larger muntins necessitated by insulating glass affect the aesthetically important ratio of wood to glass. In a modest-sized window, a grid of thick muntins can look un- gainly.

Many of those who appreciate historical styling have concluded that the best course is to do what's been done for decades: buy single-glazed, genuinely multi-light windows and buffer them with storm windows. Windows with true divided lights can be ordered in hard-coat low-E glass from companies with custom shops, and these will perform better than conventional single-glazed windows. They will still fall short of the maximum energy conservation possible today, however. Technology and tradition—two of the major influences on today's houses—have yet to be fully reconciled. □

COMPUTERS

ALL QUIET ON THE CORPUS CALLOSUM

BY JAMES FALLOWS

THE BATTLE OF the brain halves has spread to the computer world. The left side of the brain, supposedly the home of logical, relentlessly linear thought, would seem to have a monopoly on anything related to computers. Indeed, you can't turn out much program code with a flagging left brain. But some computer scientists, like many mathematicians, have tried to move over to the dreamier, more subjective realm of the right hemisphere.

The unveiling of Apple's Macintosh computer, two years ago, was the right brain's counteroffensive. Some people loved the Macintosh, because it freed them from the tedium of learning and typing detailed commands. They had only to point to one of the hieroglyphs, or "icons," on the Mac's screen, and Presto! their wishes were carried out. Other people hated it, because once you'd learned all the tedious commands, you could make a conventional, IBM-style computer do your bidding more precisely, and much more quickly, than the Macintosh.

A left-brain man myself, I've been leery of cute or easy software, but the juxtaposition of two new data-base programs tempts me to open the other half of my mind. They take opposite approaches—one moving steadfastly to the left, the other circling around to the right—but reach the same destination in fine style.

The more familiar program is KnowledgeMan/2, a revamped version of an old standby. (The program is produced by Micro Data Base Systems, lists for \$595, and is available from mail-order discounters for about \$320.) Since its earliest versions, K-Man has represented left-brainism raised to a holy faith. It is the most perfectly adaptable program I know of, because it leaves all the important variables in the user's control. For example, it will run on practically any MS-DOS computer, not just IBMs and clones, because its installation program makes allowances for the idiosyn-

crasies of a very wide variety of systems. (It will even run on some 16-bit CP/M machines.) You can change the layout of your keyboard, change the way the program looks on screen, change the language of its commands. KnowledgeMan is the only program that has never made me think, *If only they'd let me do it my way.* . . .

The new version differs from the old in two major ways. One is a "menu-guided interface"—a way for beginners to get to know the program without poring over the instruction book. In the old days, when you loaded K-Man you faced a cryptic little symbol ("—"), daring you to enter instructions. Now, if you want, the program will hold your hand and list all the possible choices at each step of the way. (K-Man has always had an excellent "help" system, which tells you the right way to enter commands, when you're in doubt.) The other, more important change is a startling speed increase in one of the program's most powerful features—its ability to extract

related information from different files, or "tables." In a typical business's data base one table might contain a list of orders and another a list of customers' addresses. All "relational" data-base programs let you combine the two lists—to send out bills, for example—but the process is usually slow and cumbersome. K-Man's new approach lets you do so with tremendous speed. (For cognoscenti: KnowledgeMan/2 lets you "pluck" records from several indexed tables, rather than merely "selecting" them without indices, cutting the time for multi-table queries practically to zero.)

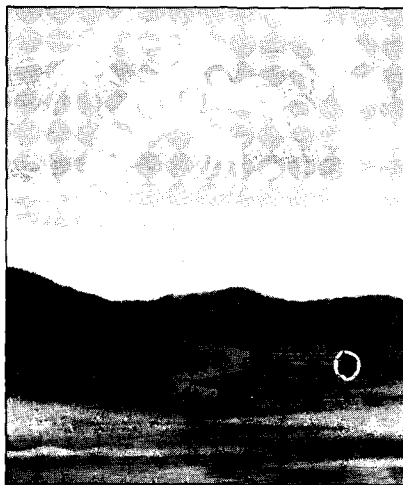
A new program called Paradox differs from KnowledgeMan in everything except results. (It is produced by Ansa Software and lists for \$695. So far the mail-order price is stuck near \$500.) The program created a boomlet of publicity when it was released last fall, mainly because it was backed by the venture capitalist Ben Rosen, whose previous projects (Lotus and Compaq) became big hits. Its name is an allusion to the computer world's belief that no program can be both easy to use and very powerful. Paradoxically, its creators said, this program is both. On the whole they're right.

Anyone who has used Lotus 1-2-3 will recognize Paradox's approach to menus and commands, but I think Macintosh-lovers will feel most at home. (Paradoxically, it won't run on the Mac, or anything except IBMs and clones.) Its main point of contrast to other data-base programs is its reliance on pictures rather than words. To specify the information you want, you make little check marks at appropriate places on the screen. Then you push a button called "Do It!" and the answer appears, in a crisp and attractive display. If you want to extract information from two tables, you don't type out a carefully structured "pluck" command; instead you put matching symbols in certain boxes on the screen. For some operations—such as taking a look at the data in one table—Paradox's response is instantaneous. For others, involving extensive sorting or multi-table queries, it's not so fast as KnowledgeMan. In all cases it relies on a different instinct—visual rather than verbal—for handling information. Even its instruction manuals, far better illustrated, clearer, and more nicely presented than the norm, reflect that emphasis.

Every data-base user soon yearns to automate frequently used commands. Here, too, Paradox has a novel if some-



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what cutesy approach. It refers to automated commands as "scripts," rather than as "programs" or "procedures." You tell the program to begin "recording" a script, and it stores everything else you do until you tell it to stop. Then you can "play" the script with one or two keystrokes when you want to repeat the procedure. Paradox also has a powerful, complete, built-in programming language, like KnowledgeMan's or dBase III's, for users who itch to exercise their left brains. But what are they doing here in the first place?

LIKE KNOWLEDGEMAN, a program called DoubleDos (from SoftLogic Solutions, listing for \$49.95, copy-protected) appeals to the left-brain yearning to do more, more, more. DoubleDos is a kind of substitute operating system, which lets you divide your computer's memory into two parts and run a different program in each. Wouldn't it be great to load a telecommunications program, let it start sending information over the modem, and meanwhile use your word processor to do something else?

With such hopes I bought DoubleDos, and I'm sorry I did. In general, computer hardware holds out possibilities that software has not begun to exploit. Here, the opposite is true. For the moment, most personal computers have a ceiling of 640K on their random-access memory. When you divide that into two sections, neither one is big enough to run today's elaborate new programs. (Paradox by itself needs 512K.) No matter how I arranged the sections on my 640K machine, I never succeeded in running my word processor, WordPerfect, simultaneously with another big program, like KnowledgeMan. And when I chose smaller programs (CrossTalk, for example) and finally got two going at once, each one was depressingly slow.

I think the answer is to wait for the next generation of machines, with more memory and faster processing chips—or to turn to a program called Lightning (from Personal Computer Support Group, \$49.95 copy-protected, \$89.95 unprotected; not to be confused with Turbo Lightning, from Borland International). Computers can retrieve information from memory chips tens or hundreds of times faster than they can draw it from disks. Lightning is an elegant "memory-caching" system that helps the computer draw information from memory, rather than disk, whenever possi-

ble. For example, if you are working on a data-base program, Lightning keeps track of the information you most often request and switches it into memory, where it can be rapidly read. In practice I found that the program noticeably pepped up my data-base work. (It had no apparent effect on WordPerfect, which has a memory-caching system of its own.)

SoftLogic Solutions, creator of the impractical DoubleDos, also offers a more useful speed-up utility, called Disk Optimizer (list price \$49.95, copy-protected). The longer you use a hard disk, the slower its operations can become, because when files are edited they get broken up and stored in random order on the disk. Disk Optimizer re-consolidates the files and offers a modest improvement in speed.

On the other hand, maybe these new programs aren't the answer. Maybe it's time to recognize that computers are the devil's work.

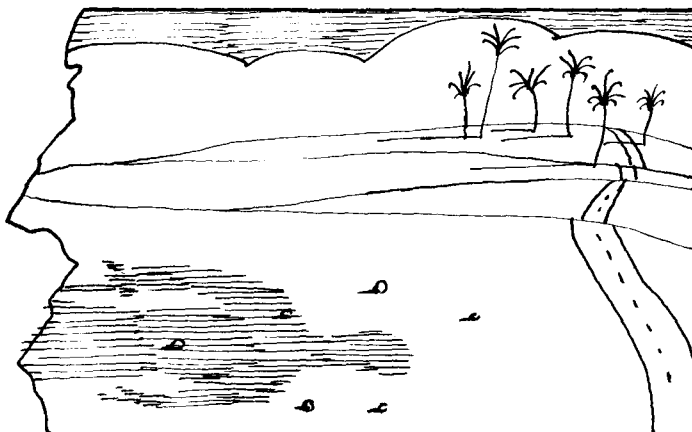
These machines are universally advertised as "productivity tools," but when I really have to get something done I shut them down. I'm talking not about printing things out or totting up accounts—the computer's bread-and-butter tasks—but about real brain work, in which you have to concentrate and get both hemispheres running. When the machines are on, the temptation to tinker is irresistible. (*What if I changed that KnowledgeMan "WHILE . . . DO" loop?*) Might Steve Jobs and Mitch Kapor and the other computer hotshots be moles, secretly planted by the Japanese to sap this nation's productive energies?

Worse, what are computers doing to our language? My older son so detests scratching out compositions with his fat grade-school pencils that he strives to keep all sentences to less than four words. For him writing is too hard. But have computers made it too easy for the rest of us? I recently looked over a long piece of writing I had composed at the keyboard and had thought was up to snuff. When I went through it with a pen, a quarter of the words dripped right out, like hot lard.

Should we start worrying about raising a generation of sentence-padders? About the long-term threat to language that this short-term convenience may entail? Is our society destroying its intellectual patrimony through its infatuation with machines? Should we stop and think before rushing heedlessly on?

Naahhh. □

BOOKS



A HERO OF ISLAM

BY DAVID IGNATIUS

THE VANISHED IMAM: Musa al Sadr
and the Shia of Lebanon
by Fouad Ajami.
Cornell University Press, \$17.95.

IN PLACE OF THE scowling, fanatical image of Ayatollah Khomeini, Fouad Ajami proposes a new archetype for Shia Islam: a tall, handsome, and articulate Lebanese cleric named Musa al-Sadr.

The Musa al-Sadr of Professor Ajami's evocative memoir sounds too good to be true. He is a wise and gentle man who doesn't like guns, who delivers Lenten sermons in Catholic churches, who thinks that abortion may be permissible under Islamic law and that polygamy may not. When backward Shias in the Lebanese city of Tyre refuse to buy ice cream from a Christian vendor, Imam Musa stops by the ice cream stand after his Friday sermon and humbly asks the Christian, "What sort of ice cream are you willing to give us today?" The Shias of Tyre see the error of their ways and learn to buy ice cream from Moslems and Christians alike.

Professor Ajami isn't exaggerating the impact of al-Sadr's personality. Lebanese Shias who knew Musa al-Sadr well tend to describe him in similar awe-struck terms: an imposing man, a moral giant in a land of pygmies. Ajami captures the note of wonder that this Iranian-born mullah, six feet six inches tall, elegant and well-spoken, evoked in style-conscious Lebanon when he

quotes the remark of a man from the Bekaa Valley, accustomed to scruffy and dishonest Shia mullahs: "This was the first cleric with a clean pair of shoes I had met." Even American diplomats tended to gush after meeting Musa al-Sadr. Professor Ajami quotes a cable (one of many he obtained for the book through the Freedom of Information Act) sent home to Washington in 1974 by George M. Godley, who was then the U.S. ambassador to Lebanon: "He is without debate one of the most, if not the most, impressive individual I have met in Lebanon. . . . His charisma is obvious and his apparent sincerity is awe-inspiring."

This sublime face of Shia Islam really was too good to last. Like scores of others in the Arab world who tried to combat the barbarism and intolerance of the region, Musa al-Sadr was murdered by unseen and to this day unidentified assassins. Musa al-Sadr, to be precise, is "missing and presumed dead." He vanished on August 31, 1978, during a trip to Libya. (Thus the "vanished imam" of Professor Ajami's title.) Al-Sadr is presumed—at least by every Lebanese Shia I have queried on the subject—to have been murdered by henchmen of Libya's leader, Colonel Muammar Qaddafi, perhaps at the behest of someone else.

The circumstances of al-Sadr's disappearance add to the poignancy, and the hagiography, of Professor Ajami's study. The book is a long meditative essay—part morality play, part rumination on the demise of Lebanon. The author sketches a moving portrait of Musa al-Sadr that establishes him as a virtuous Shia cleric at a time when the image of Shia Islam—in the person of Khomeini and his followers—is feared and reviled

in the West. But the book isn't likely to persuade readers that al-Sadr, rather than Khomeini, is the true face of the Shias. Instead, he seems an aberration.

The Vanished Imam is at its best in portraying the world that Musa al-Sadr inhabited. Ajami evokes the symbolism and pathos of Shia Islam, and some passages of the book, such as his meditation on the seventh-century martyrdom of Imam Hussein, at Kerbala, in Iraq, may give Western readers their clearest picture yet of the heritage of suffering and betrayal embedded in Shia Islam.

Professor Ajami also captures the feudal world of the Shia villages of South Lebanon which Musa al-Sadr set about to change: the warlords, known as *zaims*, or "big men," and the frightened peasants who followed them. He describes the Shia feudal chief of the South, Ahmad Bey al-Assad (a traditional politician who, a Lebanese friend once told me, "knew every cow in South Lebanon, by name"). Ahmad Bey advised the Shia villagers that they didn't need schools for their children because they had his son, Kamel Bey. Kamel Bey, who assumed power following the death of his father, proved to be so insecure and vain that he forbade any other Shia to wear a necktie in his presence.

Ajami explains that the political awakening of the Shia, who in less than a generation had moved from the status of docile peasants to that of crusading militants, coincided with the other political convulsions that wracked Lebanon. An anecdote related to me by a Lebanese Shia illustrates how the change in consciousness began. In 1966 Musa al-Sadr was delivering a funeral oration for Kamel Mroue, a prominent Shia newspaper publisher, in the village of Zrariya,

in South Lebanon. Kamel Bey al-Assad arrived about forty-five minutes late, interrupting Musa al-Sadr's speech with his customary self-importance and disregard for others. Some of the poor Shia peasants dutifully began to applaud the Bey. But they were drowned out by a rising chorus of boos from Musa al-Sadr's friends and admirers. It was obvious that day, my informant recalls, that the power of the old feudal lords was dying.

Musa al-Sadr, in his efforts to protect the Shia peasants of the South, came to confront the Palestinian guerrilla groups that were making South Lebanon into their own province. Al-Sadr understood that the Palestinian armed presence inevitably drew an Israeli reaction that destroyed the villages of the Shia but left the Palestinians free to continue their make-believe guerrilla war. Ajami quotes a Lebanese politician who heard Musa al-Sadr say, shortly before his disappearance, "The Palestinian resistance is not a revolution. It does not seek martyrdom. It is a military machine that terrorizes the Arab world."

The book makes clear that at the time he disappeared, Musa al-Sadr had some powerful enemies: the Palestinians; the Shah's agents, who rightly saw al-Sadr as a threat to the Peacock Throne; and traditional Shia and Sunni politicians in Lebanon. What is maddening about *The Vanished Imam* is that it doesn't add much information to the story of how and why Musa al-Sadr vanished.

This question has preoccupied Amal, the Shia militia that Musa al-Sadr founded, since 1978. Indeed, the number-two official in Amal, Hassan Hashem, spent several years traveling the globe, gathering evidence about what might have happened to Imam Musa. The quest has involved the security services of the United States and other Western nations, as well as most of the Arab secret services. Is it a history of bizarre reports and alleged sightings, including a glimpse of an old man who looked like Musa al-Sadr in a Libyan prison camp, documented in a Polaroid picture smuggled out of the country by a Palestinian.

Professor Ajami doesn't offer any final conclusions about Musa al-Sadr's disappearance or about who was behind his apparent murder by the Libyans. He only hints at the two theories that are current among Shia leaders in Beirut: that the Palestinian leadership wanted al-Sadr killed because he challenged the PLO's claim to South Lebanon, and that the Shah's secret service wanted him

killed because he was a powerful force behind the Islamic revolution in Iran, which was already well under way in August, 1978. (It was al-Sadr, for example, who approved the copying and distribution of the revolutionary cassette tapes, containing sermons by Khomeini and others, that were smuggled into Iran.)

Professor Ajami's inability to resolve the mystery of what happened to Imam Musa al-Sadr is unfortunate, in part because it seems like another victory for the shadowy forces that were responsible for his murder. That's the way things happen in the Middle East: decent people get killed and the murderers go free—and usually unnamed. But Ajami, himself a Shia from South Lebanon, does succeed brilliantly in conveying the sadness that this martyrdom caused for Lebanese Shias, whose history is "a tale of dispossession."

There is another frustrating aspect to Professor Ajami's book, linked perhaps to the mystery that still surrounds Musa al-Sadr's disappearance. The author likens his exploration of Musa al-Sadr's character to Conrad's approach in *Lord Jim*. Alas, as in Conrad's books, there is a sense of a heart of darkness never quite penetrated. *The Vanished Imam* draws circles around the remarkable story of Musa al-Sadr, coming closer and closer to the essence of his life without ever quite capturing it. Given the torment of Lebanon, and Musa al-Sadr's conflicting legacy, that ambiguity may be as appropriate as it is inescapable. □

THE TWO CARTERS

BY RONALD STEEL



MORALITY, REASON, AND POWER:
American Diplomacy in the
Carter Years
by Gaddis Smith.
Hill & Wang, \$18.95.

THAT JIMMY CARTER failed is a truism. How and why he failed is somewhat less clear. In *Morality, Reason, and Power* Gaddis Smith, a historian at Yale, gives us a scrupulously documented and deftly written account of the how, and offers some clues as to why this best-intentioned of Presidents was so resoundingly rejected by the voters. With him went down not only his reputation

but also the political credibility of many of the ideals he had come into office preaching.

Preaching is, of course, the operative word. We have not had such a moralizing President since Woodrow Wilson. Carter told us to keep our eyes on the stars and pledged himself to a foreign policy as good as the American people. When the going got tough, he informed us that we had sinned and needed redemption. In the end, driven by confusion, self-doubt, and political expediency, he fell back on a foreign policy virtually indistinguishable from that of his predecessors. He came into office declaring that the Cold War was outdated, and he left paving the way for Ronald Reagan.

In many ways the Carter presidency was an anomaly. He slipped into the White House in the moment of moral self-cleansing after the trauma of Vietnam and the embarrassment of Watergate. Four years earlier the voters had turned a deaf ear to a similar message from George McGovern. Four years later they seemed to have had enough of purification and more than enough of double-digit inflation. What Carter had was not a mandate from the people so much as an instruction to sweep the stables, which he used as an opportunity to test new approaches.

The Carter team pledged itself to majority rule in Africa, non-intervention in the Third World, the pursuit of human rights in dealings with friends and allies as well as foes, a restraint on CIA dirty tricks, and a sincere commitment to arms control. Free of what Carter called an "inordinate fear of communism," the United States would no longer embrace friendly dictators in the name of a lesser evil.

During his first two years in office Carter pursued many of these goals vigorously and often successfully. His ambassador to the United Nations, Andrew Young, established closer ties with black Africa and prodded South Africa into negotiation over Namibia. Carter dragged Menachem Begin and Anwar Sadat to Camp David and would not let them leave until they agreed on the outlines of a Middle East settlement—an accord that never would have been achieved without Carter's tenacity and mastery of the subject. He won, at great expense of political capital, Senate approval of the Panama Canal Treaty, and restored full diplomatic relations with mainland China. He canceled the militarily redundant B-1 bomber (Reagan reinstated it), and

said that the time had come both to withdraw U.S. ground troops from South Korea and to open U.S. embassies in Havana and Hanoi.

It was a bright beginning. Even Carter's cornball populism—the Inaugural stroll up Pennsylvania Avenue, the cardigan sweater, the garment bag over the shoulder—struck a chord for a time. But from the beginning there were discordant notes. The Carter team—a combination of Georgia good ol' boys and Johnson-Humphrey-style Democrats—married inexperience and tired platitudes as often as it did energy and new ideas.

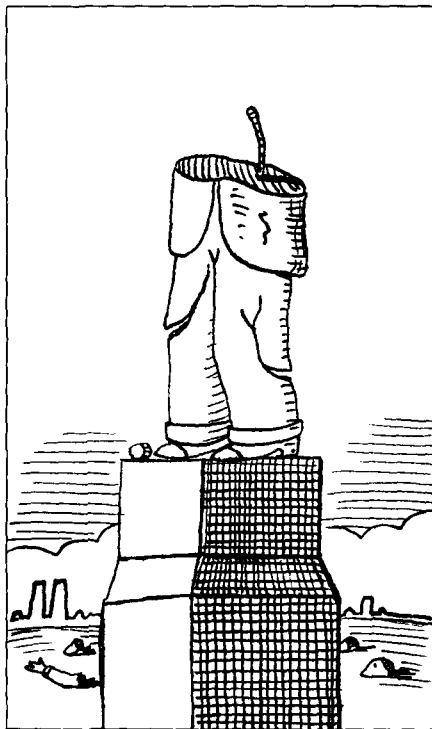
Then there was the growing and soon to be notorious conflict between his two foreign-policy lieutenants, Cyrus Vance and Zbigniew Brzezinski. As Secretary of State, the soft-spoken, patient, and moderate Vance seemed to exemplify the essential decency and the emphasis on negotiated settlements that Carter pledged. As National Security Advisor, the energetic, ambitious, intensely anti-Soviet Brzezinski, however, favored confrontation.

These two approaches to foreign policy were essentially incompatible. Only an extremely urbane and self-confident political leader, such as Franklin D. Roosevelt, could have reconciled these conflicting figures and used them for his own purposes. Jimmy Carter was not such a leader. He tried to weave a path between these two men, often with ludicrous results—for example, an important foreign-policy address at Annapolis which was one half Brzezinski and one half Vance, each half contradicting the other.

Gradually, of course, Brzezinski won out. Part of the reason was proximity. The National Security Advisor has daily access to the President—an advantage that Henry Kissinger had used brilliantly to enhance his own power—while the Secretary of State must oversee a huge bureaucracy and spend a great deal of time abroad. Another part of the reason was that Carter was temperamentally susceptible to a man of Brzezinski's energy and self-assurance—just as Lyndon Johnson was susceptible to Walt Rostow. But part of the reason, and perhaps the most important part, was that Brzezinski offered Carter what was psychologically satisfying and politically useful to hear: getting tough with the Russians would fix the blame elsewhere for foreign-policy setbacks and make him look resolute to the voters.

THE ABOUT-FACE was as dramatic as it was abrupt. As Smith reminds us, by 1979 Carter had reversed himself on most major issues. Carter “underwent a rapid mutation from an internalist to a militant externalist, blaming the Soviet Union for almost everything that was going wrong, . . . advocating higher defense budgets and the development of new nuclear weapons and the creation of new military units capable of being rapidly deployed for action anywhere in the world.”

Even human rights, once the centerpiece of Carter's program, took a back seat to the new militancy of his last two years in office. Where he could promote



human rights without jeopardizing military bases or Cold War interests, as in Latin America, his genuine commitment saved a good many lives. But in countries like the Philippines and Iran, Cold War concerns came first. After President Marcos told Carter that the internal affairs of his nation were none of America's business, Carter said, about U.S. bases in the Philippines: “I don't think that our displeasure with [President Marcos's failure in] meeting American-type standards ought to interfere.”

The turnabout occurred even before the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, in December of 1979—an event that Carter claimed removed the scales from his eyes about Moscow's real intentions. Already the SALT II treaty was effectively dead, the rearmament drive had be-

gun, and the emphasis on confrontation had replaced the politics of self-assurance and accommodation to change.

By the time he left office, his promises had been betrayed and a jingoistic belligerency had infused Washington. “Never since World War II has there been so far-reaching a militarization of thought and discourse in the capital,” George Kennan asserted in the winter of 1980. “An unsuspecting stranger, plunged into its midst, could only conclude that the last hope of peaceful, nonmilitary solutions had been exhausted—that from now on only weapons, however used, could count.”

TRUE, THE REST of the world did not stand still for Jimmy Carter. The Soviets pursued imperialism in Afghanistan and adventurism in Africa. Moslem fundamentalists found in the United States a target for their frustrations. Congress was contentious. And the spending policies of Carter's predecessors had produced headlong inflation. “Poor bastard,” the Democratic adviser Robert Strauss said of the President after the second week of the hostage crisis. “He used up all his luck in getting here. We've had our share of victories and defeats, but we've not had a single piece of good luck in the past three years.”

In the end Smith, who views Carter with both sympathy and disappointment, argues that Carter failed “because he asked the American people to think as citizens of the world with an obligation toward future generations.” It was the clamor of his critics, the discordant voices of his advisers, and the impossibility of seeing clearly what had to be done, Smith believes, that made his vision seem naive. By 1980 “he fell back on an appeal to the combative, nationalistic instincts of the American people.”

It is tempting to blame the American people when leaders tumble and policies fail. But it was not the public that let down Jimmy Carter. His about-face halfway through his term was dictated more by political expediency and his own inconsistency than by any combative instincts in the people.

Did Carter have a choice? Could candidate Carter's prescriptions for the promotion of human rights, sensitivity to Third World problems, and a modus vivendi with Moscow have worked in a post-Afghanistan, post-Iranian-hostage world? They would not have been easy to sell, because Carter's opponents, many

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of whom were hawks within his own party, would have continued to attack him mercilessly for "appeasement." Moreover, the domestic side of the ledger—with rising unemployment and high interest rates—was at least as much responsible for his electoral defeat as were his foreign-policy inconsistencies. More people turned against Carter because they could not afford a home than because he presided over the "loss" of Iran.

Still, Carter had more leeway to educate the public and to resist the war hawks in both parties than he seemed to imagine. He was often criticized for moralizing. Yet, as Reagan has shown, it is no handicap in this country for a politician to be a moralist. But as Walter Lippmann once wrote, "If the moralist is to deserve a hearing among his fellows, he must set himself this task which is so much humbler than to command and so much more difficult than to exhort: he must seek to anticipate and to supplement the insight of his fellow men into the problems of their adjustment to reality."

Carter had a rare opportunity to help the American people navigate the shoals between the world they were told they must control and the often anarchic world they really lived in. In failing to remain true to his own vision he postponed and complicated an adjustment that has now become dangerously urgent. □

LIFE FRIGHT

BY DICK CAVETT

STAGE FRIGHT

by Stephen Aaron.

University of Chicago Press, \$19.95.

LET ME STATE at once that I picked up this book with prejudice aforethought. I do not think of Sigmund Freud as "the Viennese quack" (Nabokov), and I am a friend to and beneficiary of the profession that S. J. Perelman called "head-candling." Yet I find that when its practitioners turn their special methods to analyzing subjects other than the sufferer on the couch, the results are generally unsatisfactory if not downright comic (cf. Freud on humor in which the laughs are not all in the jokes).

By chance, I flipped this book open to a passage reinforcing my prejudice: a



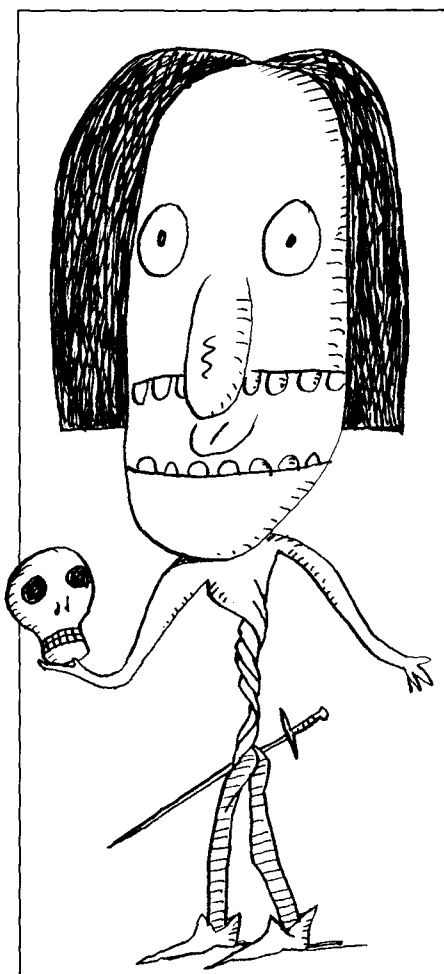
passage analyzing one actor's dream of finding himself fearsomely alone backstage, able to locate neither his costume nor the wardrobe mistress. The actor awakened in a panic. Based on the dreamer's feeling that his costume was probably being cleaned, the author, donning his psychoanalytic chapeau, stated, "The (anal) messing component is present."

"You can say that again!" I mentally scribbled in the margin.

But my example proved to be unfair to Stephen Aaron. He is an experienced practitioner of acting, directing, and psychotherapy, and because he subscribes to both religions, votaries of each as well as the general reader may enjoy his book and perhaps be enlightened by it. Jargon and dogma sometimes intrude, and the last chapter is thick with phrases like "exhibitionistic fear of exposure" (an oxymoron?) and "collaborative instrumentalities." Still, even if you are among the uninitiated who might take phrases like "the actor's associations" to mean clubs he belongs to, you can generally read right along without the aid of a glossary of shrinkspeak.

The author, who limits his territory to the professional stage actor rehearsing and acting in a play, defines, examines, and elucidates that pesky component of the thespian trade known variously as butterflies, belly moths, the shakes, the horrors (I'm fond of the German term *Lampenfieber*—literally, "fear of the lights"). I think he is right that at its worst it all too closely resembles a psychic near-collapse. Yet at the risk of appearing shallow, I confess to preferring the book's liberally sprinkled anecdotes to its analyses. I am fascinated by Laurence Olivier's urgent need to station a fellow actor in the wings where Olivier (but not the audience) could see him and be released from the terror of delivering a difficult soliloquy "alone"; I am not fascinated by such conclusions as that opening-night angst is the result of the separation of the actor from the supportive director, which is equivalent to the separation of the infant from Mom. It's an interesting parallel, but . . .

I MADE MY nerve-wracked acting debut at the age of fifteen, with professionals, as the Winslow Boy, and was, in Woody Allen's fine phrase, perspiring audibly. An older actor advised, "Concentrate and try to think precisely why you are nervous." I did, and it helps. The key is not the logic ("*I know my lines,*



I'm not likely to fall down, I am rehearsed . . .") but the concentration. You can also do long division in your head, and it also helps. Helen Hayes said she battles opening-night anxiety by contriving to keep busy with minor tasks right up to her first entrance: putting her makeup tubes in a row, hanging up clothes, and so on.

Aaron seems to find stage fright a universal among his actors. But to me, one of its mysteries is how *little*, if any, some people have. Ethel Merman claimed to have none and wondered what the fuss was about, yet that great actress Maureen Stapleton suffers the tortures of the damned, even long into the run. Olivier's confession to a five-year stretch of the horrors that threatened to end his acting in mid-career fascinates (and scares) every actor I know.

I hope the shade of the universally beloved Jack Benny—surely the quintessence of calm onstage—will not mind what I am about to reveal. I once asked him about his nonchalance, while he was being made up to go on the Johnny Carson Show. "Y'know, kid, it's funny about nerves," he said. "I used to be ter-

rified in radio, and Mary was always calm. As time went by, I got calmer and she got scareder, until she finally had to quit. Now I can go on any stage without a trace of nerves." A few moments later, to my astonishment, he downed two fingers of straight scotch and ambled onstage to the strains of "Love in Bloom."

I don't know if he always thus braced himself and have no reason to think he wouldn't have been just the same without the scotch, but I nonetheless was thunderstruck, since we are told from high school on that Drink Never Helps. What this incident may demonstrate is that there is no invariable rule. I've seen a world-famous actor perform faultlessly after a lunch consisting in its entirety of a double-beer appetizer and a three-martini entrée.

You still hear and read that nervous tension is enabling and that the moment you step onstage it turns into acting energy. This is nonsense. Physical tension never helps and, I have found, can be eliminated by violent physical exercise just before the show—a dance class, a tennis game, sex, swimming—all four, I suppose, if you are up to it.

Finally, there is a very different and, I think, much more interesting form of stage fright that I've never seen discussed. I mean fear of the performance *ending*. The anxiety that dissolves upon entering—the "once those lights hit me I'm fine" phenomenon—has to do with the fact, I suggest, that we performers rediscover continually that we are more at home onstage than anywhere else, we know what we're doing there, we are in control. And, if the occasion is a play, for a few precious hours in our otherwise squalid lives we know what's going to happen. We're in a warm little protected and ordered world that, unlike life, has a known outcome—assuming a flat doesn't fall and we don't call Stanley "Blanche." We experience gratifications—the big laugh, the rapt silence, and the awesome thrill of controlling the unruly beast out there—that are unimaginable and unavailable to the non-performer.

But beyond the curtain call lies the abyss again. Once we step from the reality of the set to the unreality of the wings, we are adrift again in that sea of uncertainty, laughably called real life, where we don't always handle ourselves with sureness and grace. For those blessed few hours of the day, the true, born performer can, behind the comfort-

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ing mask of someone else, cry without shame, experience deep emotions he inhibits elsewhere, and be totally himself, beyond the reach of and utterly forgetting for a merciful time the ulcer, the impending divorce, the accountant's grim report.

I'm not sure that performers, in the main, have more wretched "real lives" than other people. But we do experience this mixed blessing, our hour upon the stage, a chance to control our otherwise messy world with a heady assurance made up of instinct and technique. Reluctantly, we play that last scene with just a twinge of, if you will, life fright—a reluctance to have the curtain come down that is just as real as the fear of its rising. No actor wonders why Judy Garland, exhausted and distressed, would choose to stay on for one more song. □

BRIEF REVIEWS



SOMERVILLE AND ROSS: *THE WORLD OF THE IRISH R.M.* by Gifford Lewis. Viking, \$19.95. The books published as *The World of Author X* are all too often summations of bland, well-known facts adorned with illustrations that, while presumably the best available, lack distinction and sometimes relevance. Miss Lewis's book is altogether outside that pattern, in part because the long and successful collaboration between Violet Martin and her cousin Edith Somerville is unique in English literature and in part because by the time the two fledgling journalists joined their talents to write fiction, Somerville had "already experienced ten years of art and music training and practice—periods of study abroad with all the rigours of professors and life classes." Somerville's drawings, generously employed, give the reader an on-the-spot view of the late-eighteenth-century Anglo-Irish society that the two authors described with sympathy, irony, humor, and a sharp ear (should it be ears?) for the sparkling language produced by "Irish-thinking but English-speaking minds." Miss Lewis has not only made a fine study of Somerville and Ross, she has re-created the world in which they lived, a world where eccentricity abounded, political quarrels

seethed behind a façade of amiable frivolity, and an independent, self-supporting woman was an oddity. Somerville and Ross were a double oddity. They have been described, by the biographer Maurice Collis, as lesbians, and Miss Lewis devotes effective attention to demolishing what she considers an unwarranted charge.

TRAVELS IN HYPER REALITY by *Umberto Eco*. *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*, \$15.95. Mr. Eco's essays, which were written over a number of years for Italian newspapers, concern subjects as diverse as terrorism, the continuing influence of the Middle Ages, the charm of *Casablanca*, and the psychological effects of wearing blue jeans. Mr. Eco combines scholarship with a love of paradox and a quirky, sometimes outrageous, sense of humor. The non-semiotician reader may occasionally be driven to the dictionary, but that exercise is a trifling price to pay for the pleasure and stimulation provided by Mr. Eco's arguments.

IN PRAISE OF WOLVES by *R. D. Lawrence*. *Henry Holt*, \$16.95. To disguise his presence in a blind, Mr. Lawrence once soaked his clothes in beaver-dam mud, which has a fine swampy stench, and finished the process with fluids extracted from the aging carcass of a bear. His object was to learn whether wolves will eat bear meat. There is nothing, it seems, that this naturalist will not do to extend his understanding of wolves, first because he loves the animals and second because he believes that their pack organization bears a much closer resemblance to human society than anything to be found among apes and that it therefore deserves serious study. "There are," he reports, "some people who know a good deal about wolves, but there is no one person who knows all about them." His charmingly written book will make any animal-lover long to know more—if not yet all—about wolves. It may even convert a few animal-haters.

DEAD GIVEAWAY by *Simon Brett*. *Scribner's*, \$13.95. Mr. Brett's detective is a third-rate British actor of no great charm and the dialogue of his characters is flatly utilitarian, but the plot of his latest mystery is ingenious and his satire on television giveaway shows is wickedly amusing.

WINSLOW HOMER WATERCOLORS by *Helen A. Cooper*. *Yale University Press*,



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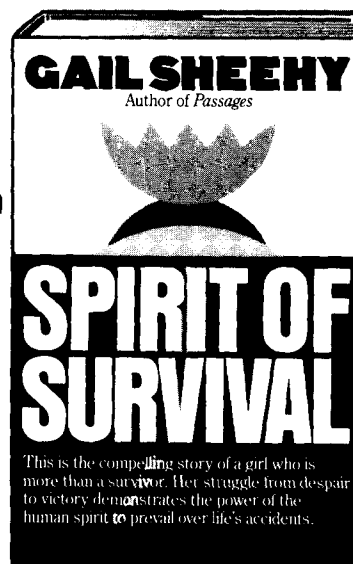
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22. SATCHEL (anag.) 24. E(X-X)ON 25. TWID-
(D)LES (anag. + *d*) 27. B-RAVER 28. SE(RV)E
30. PI(A)ZZA 31. P(ILL)AR 32. ZAQQUM (first
letters) 33. DIRE-CT 34. R(ESUM)ED (*muse*
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(anag.) 2. H(A-JJ)E'S 3. TRE(KK)ED 4. HICCUP
(anag.) 5. GARISH (pun) 6. CUD-GEL 7. LAY-
ETTES (anag.) 8. AB(BE)YS(s) 13. ELECT-RA
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mophone) 28. SAY(Y)ID (anag. + *y*) 29. VA-
C(U)UM

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T	A	R	A	I	L	A	S	U	A	E
R	E	E	D	U	E	R	S	D	Y	Y
A	S	E	A	P	L	I	E	G	E	S
I	N	D	U	C	E	S	R	E	E	D
N	A	S	A	T	C	H	E	L	S	E
E	O	N	L	H	T	W	I	L	E	S
B	R	A	V	E	R	S	E	R	V	E
A	T	F	P	I	A	A	P	I	A	R
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R	E	S	U	M	E	D	G	R	M	S

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Also available from the Atlantic Bookstore, page 83.

\$39.95. In discussing Homer's brilliant, subtle watercolors, Miss Cooper spends little time on biographical detail and less on postmortem psychologizing. She concentrates on technique, and Homer's watercolor technique came to include every maneuver known to the genre. The color reproductions—132 in all—while necessarily limited in size, are so accurate that the reader can turn from the author's description of the artist's procedures to the painting in question and see where Homer blotted, or scraped, or overpainted, or got his shimmering, light-filled effects with a single, perfectly placed stroke of fluid color. The only word for this book is *superb*.

THE PATIENT HAS THE FLOOR by Alistair Cooke. Knopf, \$16.95. Mr. Cooke has been called upon to address a number of professional groups other than the medical, and he has approached most of them in the same way. He gives his hearers the layman's (translation: victim's) view of their deficiencies, and does it with such courtesy and wit that only the most ill-tempered and myopic stuffed shirt could complain. His remarks on "The State of the Language" should be required reading for anyone proposing to write anything more complicated than a check. The piece is a fine diatribe against, and compendium of, the pointless euphuisms that clutter American prose. He considers them "barnacles."

WISEGUY by Nicholas Pileggi. Simon & Schuster, \$17.95. Mr. Pileggi has succeeded in extracting what amounts to a lively oral autobiography from a Mafia factotum who is now, thanks to his decision to turn state's evidence, living in prosperous anonymity at public expense. Aside from the predictable elements of bloodshed and conspiracy, the book is interesting and discouraging for what it reveals about corruption among public officials, union officials, policemen, and prison guards. Is anybody, one wonders, not on the take? And all bought cheaply, too.

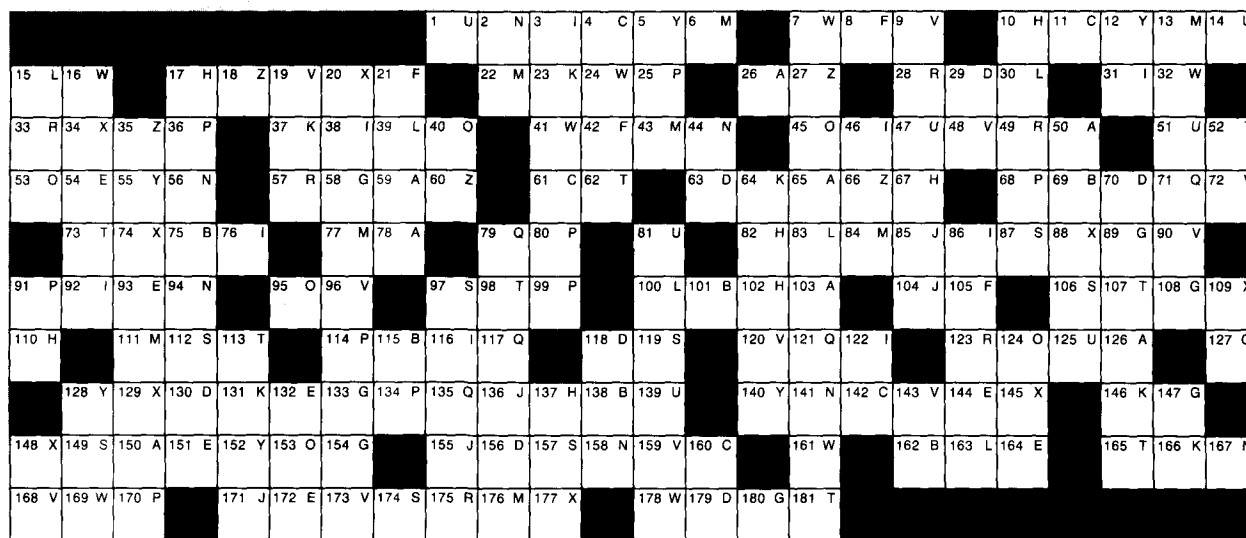
SARANAC by Robert Taylor. Houghton Mifflin, \$17.95. The tuberculosis sanatorium at Saranac is obsolete, but while it lasted it attracted distinguished patients, and the staff, under the courageous Dr. Edward Trudeau, did valuable work. Mr. Taylor's description of the place is engaging and skillful social history. It is also more amusing than the deathwatch milieu suggests.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

ACROSTIC No. 11

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of the clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 10 appears on page 84.

- A. World champion of chess in 1934 59 50 126 65 26 150 103 78
- B. Influential couturier 162 115 75 69 101 138
- C. Musical comedy by Kern, Wodehouse, and Bolton (2 wds.) 142 61 11 4 160
- D. Uto-Aztecan language 130 29 118 70 156 63 179
- E. Sea captain in *Twelfth Night* 93 164 151 172 144 132 54
- F. Light snack 105 42 21 8
- G. Small shark 133 89 154 147 108 180 58
- H. Impertinent (2 wds.) 10 82 17 137 110 67 102
- I. WWII Japanese general 3 116 86 46 122 92 38 76 31
- J. "High Noon" singer 155 136 104 171 85
- K. African game preserve 166 37 146 131 23 64
- L. Cuban rhythms 83 15 39 100 163 50
- M. Lily Tomlin's little girl in a big chair (2 wds.) 84 6 13 22 77 111 43 176

- N. Persephone's mother 167 44 141 2 94 158 56
- O. Soup starter (2 wds.) 95 127 45 53 124 153 40
- P. White wine of Italy (3 wds.) 134 99 91 36 80 25 170 68 114
- Q. Demon of Arabian lore 121 71 135 79 117
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- S. "Ruler of the people" 119 157 174 112 87 149 106 97
- T. Tie (2 wds.) 165 181 98 113 107 62 52 73
- U. One-time home for Phoenicians 51 139 1 81 47 14 125
- V. Kazoo (2 wds.) 96 48 90 143 19 120 72 159 168
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- Y. First commercial computer 55 5 152 12 140 128
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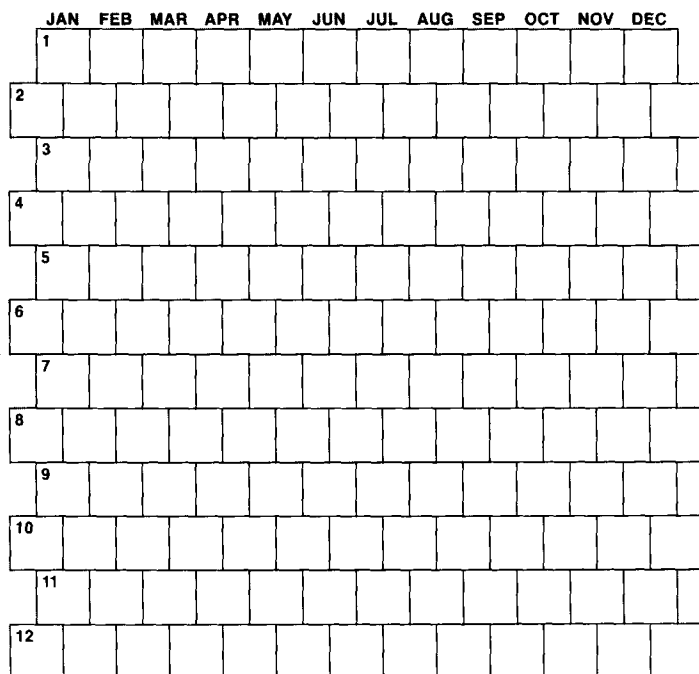
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

FLOW CHART

In this diagram, answers to Down clues are used to chart the fortunes of Puzzles Unlimited, Ltd., for one year. Each month's activity is described by the placement of its two clues' answer letters in order from the beginning of the month (at the top of the diagram) downward to either adjacent square, shifting toward + or -, till the end of the month. No two months end in the same square. The year's overall outcome is spelled out by the twelve month-end letters and the final letter of an unclued Down word (11 letters, hyphenated), which starts somewhere in the second row from the top and describes the *modus operandi*. Across answers are clued in pairs in order of their entry in the diagram. A letter in an Across word may be intersected by one or more Down words or by none. Answers include four proper nouns.

*The answers to last month's
Puzzler appear on page 84.*



ACROSS

- Endorse B — ? (5)
Jack, in public school, gets honors (7)
- Noble labor in a base (8)
Handle broth (5)
- Bambi* enters stores all around (7)
Temptations breaking rules (5)
- Latin book by expert pianist (8)
Forces inside, gripped by withdrawal symptom (5)
- Bridge in some disorder (7)
Turned bitter about true statements (5)
- Brief speech from shelter about storms (8)
Runner, by the way, uses a hopping gait (5)
- One short and pale (4)
Rally round a princess, to a point? (8)
- In October, Leo altered cat (6)
Around noon, soldier permits drinks (7)

- Auto loan notice requires buyer's first bucks? (7)
Influenced in speech to hide (5)
- Asian island forms a surrounding ring (7)
Akkadian king groans miserably (6)
- Persistent group of racers (6)
Bring back southwestern crafts in small tubes (6)

DOWN

- JAN What kids say to Liberal idol (4)
Separately priced drink includes a tote (8) (*three words*)
- FEB Making halt, fall behind about 60 sec. (6)
Beetle Bailey's chief has hurt a superior (6)
- MAR Weasel in, uh, hole in the ground (6)
Confront military bosses in play (6)
- APR Boer free, hidden by cunning on the wagon (7)

- West Indian dance is neither here nor there (5)
- MAY Range is returned—stray article (6)
Kernel by hot fireside (6)
- JUN Fix a canape and elixir (7)
Pledge to a saint (5)
- JUL Cowpoke's boss worked around champion (8)
Gulp large roll (4)
- AUG All but the first of a comet's passages (6)
"Drop your weapons," said Mr. Motley (6)
- SEP Set apart one glider (5)
Maura is struggling with warrior (7)
- OCT Macho guy keeps Ike riveted (7)
Blast with zip and zest (5)
- NOV Stacey's unbridled joy (7)
Suspenseful future, perhaps (5)
- DEC Auditor's passed along trail (5)
Banned Galileo except last works on light's source (7)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.



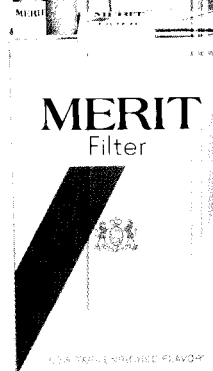
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